

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 21, 1959

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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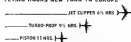


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Cover, Chris von Saltza ▶

The blonde young lady swimming out at you on this week's cover is 14-year-old Chris von Saltza, America's main hope for swimming honors at the 1960 Rome Olympic Games.

Photograph by Fred Lyon

## Next week

### SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



▶ In the space of one short season burly Frank Thomas has escaped near anonymity to become the No. 1 slugger of the National League. Roy Terrell tells what happened.

▶ Four pages of sun-splashed color with text by footloose Horace Sutton take you to Costa Brava, beautiful playground on Spain's south coast that few Americans know.

▶ Whatever did happen to the prediction that California would produce the best race horses? Will Rex Ellsworth become our top breeder? The answers by Whitney Tower.

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# MEMO from the publisher

If the lion is king of the jungle, the swordfish is king of the sea. Aloof, beautiful and most monstrous, it appears first in history in Aristotle's *Historia animalium*, as Xiphias, the sword. Almost two and a half millennia ago the philosopher well described the fish and the terrible things it was capable of.

Ever since, the swordfish has never been long out of sight or out of history. But it has stayed feared, respected and comparatively unknown.

In this century it has also become much eaten. That's because, like the mopsicise whale, the swordfish falls in unequal combat to the harpoon; and so today we serve it on our tables whenever we wish.

For the angler the swordfish is today the ultimate challenge. Next week Staff Writer Thomas Lineaweaver brings Aristotle up to date for the sportsman. He writes Xiphias' biography—its history, biology, economy and most especially its current place in big-game fishing. Months ago, when Lineaweaver started this story, the fish he had not caught was the swordfish—the reason he wanted to do the story.

The first swordfish ever taken on rod and reel was off Catalina Island, Calif. in 1913. Since then no more than 750 have given in to the angler, or something less than an amazing 20 a year. It seems to disdain man-offered bait and it has a soft mouth, which won't hold a hook. It is marine competition at its best. Those who fish for it must have the means to go

get it, the patience to wait it out and the knowledge and stamina to fight it once they hook it. All these things Lineaweaver studied and then wrote.

Two weeks ago the largest number of swordfish in 13 years moved off Long Island, and Mr. E. L. Gruber of Spring City, Pa. had a double, taking two broadbills in one day, a feat done only 11 times before (by 10 men and one woman).

Although his story had just been finished, Lineaweaver, now both swordfisherman and reporter, went to see Mr. Gruber. With true sportsman's hospitality, Mr. Gruber extended the fighting chair in his boat, the *Heben H.*, to Lineaweaver, who soon hooked his first swordfish. He lost it after a three-hour fight—and then immediately and almost without precedent hooked a second. Two and a half hours later Lineaweaver took his first swordfish.

It was a fitting, 317-pound finish to next week's story about the most desired of fighting fish.



CATCH & CATCHER

*Harry Phillips*

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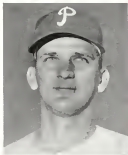
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# X-RAY

San Francisco harassed the Braves and the Yankees increased their huge lead



**PHILLIES FLIGHT** to the first division has been powered by the hitting of Outfielder Harry Anderson (left) and the pitching of Right-Hander Ray Semproch. Anderson is Philadelphia's chief run producer with 12 home runs, 55 runs batted in and a .315 batting average, while Rookie Semproch leads all National League pitchers with 11 wins.

## TEAM PERFORMANCES

Three week (7/5-7/12)	Season	Home	Week
<b>NATIONAL LEAGUE</b>			
San Francisco	3-8	43-37	5
Philadelphia	8-4	43-35	7
Philadelphia	3-3	36-36	5
St. Louis	2-2	30-30	5
Chicago	2-2	30-40	4
Cincinnati	4-0	31-38	4
Los Angeles	2-3	43-30	4
Pittsburgh	1-3	29-37	5
<b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>			
Washington	2-1	35-46	4
New York	4-2	32-46	4
Baltimore	2-3	34-40	0
Boston	1-2	43-38	7
Detroit	2-2	30-30	3
Chicago	3-3	40-34	5
Cleveland	3-3	38-33	5
Kansas City	0-3	30-38	4

## TEAM LEADERS

Three week (7/5-7/12)	Season	Home	Week
<b>NATIONAL LEAGUE</b>			
Carpenter	455	346	18
Covington	329	323	17
Phillips	329	323	17
Baker	300	304	16
Banks	411	318	23
Robinson	411	318	23
Larkin	323	299	15
Groat	300	314	25
<b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>			
Briggs	495	392	20
Howard	384	313	27
Williams	356	308	18
Williams	300	249	26
Bohling	279	218	21
Gonzalez	265	216	21
Foster	270	226	24
Core	333	329	23

## HEROES AND GOATS

### THE SEASON (to July 12)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Mantel, StL .364	Foster, Phil .133
Batting (AL)	Rice, Chi .328	Pandak, Cleve .129
Home run	Thomson, Phil 25	Selkowitz, M40
Runners (NL)	(1 per 100) 4.80	(1 per 100) 2.00
Runners (AL)	(1 per 100) 4.80	(1 per 100) 2.00
Pitching (NL)	Semproch, Phil 11-5	Newcombe, Chi 1-8
Pitching (AL)	Torrey, NY 12-3	Dwight, LA 5-26
ERA (NL)	Washington, SF 2.81	Forsythe, LA 5.26
ERA (AL)	Ford, NY 2.01	Dwight, LA 5.26
Complete	Snyder, Phil 11	Dwight, LA 2
Shutouts (NL)	(in 19 starts) 0	(in 17 starts) 0
Complete	Torrey, NY 12	(in 11 starts) 0
Shutouts (AL)	(in 12 starts) 0	(in 11 starts) 0
Team hit (NL)	San Francisco .32	St. Louis .14
Team hit (AL)	New York .35	Baltimore .18
Team runs (NL)	San Francisco 309	St. Louis 105
Team runs (AL)	New York 317	Baltimore 149
Team hits (NL)	San Francisco 364	Los Angeles 172
Team hits (AL)	Cleveland 371	Baltimore 157
	New York 371	

### RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
<b>NATIONAL LEAGUE</b>			
Banks, Chi (.307)	65	41	106
Mays, SF (.306)	64	33	97
Thomson, Phil (.300)	50	46	96
Carpenter, SF (.300)	50	38	88
Spencer, SF (.295)	44	41	85
Anderson, Phil (.290)	42	43	85
<b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>			
Jensen, KC (.312)	60	60	120
Core, KC (.310)	55	49	104
Hahn, NY (.310)	51	34	85
Foster, Cleve (.305)	52	33	85
Lopez, KC (.304)	49	33	82

### THE ROOKIES

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Flood, StL .318	Forsythe, Wash .327
Home run	Carpenter, SF 18	Morrell, Cleve 5
Runners	Carpenter, SF 56	Chapman, Wash 22
Pitching	Semproch, Phil 11-5	Poppen, Balt 6-2

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# SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

**BOATING**—VIM, only oldtimer in the bunch, was even perkier and friskier than her spanking new rivals as America's Cup trials began at Newport. R. J. Stilling bristled over 21-mile windward-leeward course, Vim made good use of blue-white striped spinaker cut by Ted Hood, showed her ample stern to Columbus to win first test by a handy 63 seconds. In second race, Westwicks was hardly tested as Chandler Hovey's handsome Esterline, plagued by series of mishaps, suffered three rigging failures. Emped back to base for repairs. Next day all four boats struggled in becalmed Atlantic before trials were called off when southerly wind was so light it hardly rippled sea off Bremen Reef's lightship.

**ASTON'S HIGH GOODNESS**, with more than casual eye focused on activities at Newport took step to beef up challenge boat *Seymour*, fired old sea dog Jim Starnes, captain since launching last April, replaced him with Stanley Bishop, captain of crumpily handled trial ship *Eaton*.

**TENNIS**—BARRY MACKAY, sometimes tail-end young man with a racket, came popping home from Wimbledon, blamed "shortsightedness" of U.S. tennis brass for Yankee failures abroad. Complained MacKay: "I found I needed more tournament experience. We are permitted to play only about three months out of the country while the Australians play the year round." He was even edgy about America's hopes against Canada in Davis Cup American Zone semifinal at Toronto, moaned apprehensively: "Gee, what are we trying to do? None of our top four players—Vic Seixas, Herbie Flam, Dick Savitt and Gil Shes—is inlaid. We're taking an awful chance. We could get boxed," But MacKay needs't have worried. He and Newcomer Whitney Reed breezed past Canada's Don Fontana and Bob Rowland in singles; MacKay and Sammy Giammalva easily took dou-

bles (see below) to clinch U.S. victory. INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS FEDERATION meeting in Brussels took hard cold look at overgenerous (and often overexpensive) globe-trotting by some amateurs, came up with new regulations: expenses (raised to \$14 per day maximum) for travel abroad will be limited to 150 days each year, effective Jan. 1, 1969. Auston, who have been among most prolific travelers in past, will now have to spend more time playing before homefolds.

**BASEBALL**—WALTER O'MALLEY's plans for CHAVER RAVINE got stunning setback when Superior Court Judge Arnold Frazer declared Los Angeles Dodgers' land contract invalid. Dead restrictions, he said, limit use of Chavez to public purposes.

ALL-STAR break and 4-3 victory over National League (see page 16) provided only temporary success for American League as New York Yankees, who undoubtedly learned some of baseball's finer points from Casey Stengel's articulate testimony before Senate (see page 21), thrashed Cleveland four out of five, split pair with Chicago to lengthen lead over Detroit, latest second-place occupant, while Boston and Kansas City each slipped a notch.

SAN FRANCISCO released Roelke Orlando Cepeda from bench in time for him to help beat Cincinnati 7-4, Milwaukee 5-3, 6-3, sack three homers, boost Giants over Braves into National League lead, as Cards, Cubs and Phillies stand close by, ready to move up at slight sign of weakness.

MANAGER FRED HANBY, who had enough to worry about, found himself explaining why four Braves (Frank Torre, Red Schoendienst, Lew Burdette, Gene Conley) strayed off reservation, became involved in Hollywood possible dunking party. It was really nothing, said Hanby: "Some good-looking girl went by in a bathing suit, and Torre gave her a push [into the pool]. Her boy

friend got a little peeved and later . . . apologized to Torre." But Torre had different version: "She had on a nice dress. Her escort was peeved because it was an expensive dress. I said I was sorry. . . ."

**GOLF**—PRESIDENTY BISHOPPOWER, in Ottawa for talks with Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, found time to engage in his favorite sport, chuckled and whooped his way around Ottawa Hunt and Golf Club (see below) with Transport Minister George Hees, Senate Speaker Mark Drouin, Club President John Gross, Press reports had Ike, with help of Mulligan (gratuitous second drive with player permitted to take choice of either shot) on first hole, coming in with 30, but ardent golfer Eisenhower, unhappy at being pushed by hearsay through differ barriers, quickly let it be known he had more respectable 59—good but not quite as good as Brother Edgie's 67 at Tacoma (see right).

**HORSE RACING**—GALLANT MAN, spanky 16th 4-year-old who took first trip to winner's circle two years ago at Hollywood Park, came back as candidate for Horse-of-Year honors, put twinkie into favorite-player's eyes when he burst down stretch under urging of Willie Shoemaker to win \$162,100 Hollywood Gold Cup Handicap and collect \$100,000 for owner Ralph Lowe.

WILLIAM HALLSHOF, sometime male trader who now falls among racing's leading owners, got his biggest kick when his Bernardino, highly rated at 19 to 1, shot out of rack, never stopped hoofing it until he ran down favored Round Table to reach home first in mile-and-eight, \$85,000 Warren Wright Memorial Handicap at Arlington Park. From Jockey Clarence Meaux, who pocketed cool \$3,000 for 1-46's, punt, came an honest appraisal: "I sure was surprised."

**TRACK & FIELD**—KEET TUDMAN, 23, slight, wiry Australian accountability clerk who has plodded along in relative obscurity, trained secretly behind better-known Miller Mev Lincoln for two quick miles,

## focus on the deed . . .



**ARTFUL BACKHAND** by Sammy Giammalva returns shot as Partner Barry MacKay stands alertly by in Davis Cup match at Toronto. American best Canada's Bellard and Fontana 6-1, 10-11, 6-4.



**SKITTERING POWERBOATS** buzz over water at start of Gold Coast Marathon at Miami, won by Sam Griffith, who raced his last Miami Bay 136 miles to West Palm Beach and back again at 72.1 mph average speed.



suddenly took charge, streaked last quarter in 42.5 on way to new world record of 15:40.8 for three miles at Dublin's Sunday track. Gashed Thomas: "Everything was perfect. Usually I am very nervous but tonight I felt on top of the world."

BRIAN HENSON, young London tailor, let crack Aussie Miller Herb Elliott see his-toning pace (54.3) for first quarter, surged in last 100 yards to swifter past fating Elliott in 1:48.5 half-mile as vixing and hounded stars warmed up for Empire Games in British AA championships at London's White City Stadium.

**BOXING**—NEW YORK'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANCHIGIAN, who has Boxing Commissioner John Heland sitting on the edge of his chair these days, dropped another bomb in continuing grand jury investigations, snared still one more pigeon—Jimmy White (real name: Samuel Crosser), a matchmaker once active in Denver, Miami and Scranton, Pa. and described by DA's office as "best man for Frankie Carbo, the No. 1 boxing racketeer in the country." The charges: acting as undercover manager for welterweight Isaac Logart in bout with Virgil Atkins in New York, March 21; conspiring with man-about-town Hymie (The Muck) Wallman to fix Logart-Atkins fight by bribing officials (among them, Bert Grant, indicted week earlier) who expected to be out of office.

KINO VALDES, plodding Cuban heavy-weight who pleads he "doesn't have much English" and was once described by his manager, Bobby Gleason, as "the best team" around, caught up with Harold Richter as ninth, knuckled him kicking with right hand, put him down to stay with sweeping left to win by TKO at Spokane.

**POLO**—MEADOW BROOK, wrapped up in 7-7 tie after Allen's Pete Butwick and Devereaux Milburn hammered home goals in last chukker, pulled ahead to stay on accurate, match-saving matches by Dave Ellis and Al Jenkins, rode off with national 20-goal championship at Meadow Brook Club in Jericho, N.Y.



**FOLLOWING THROUGH.** President Eisenhower belts a long one off the first tee on way to an 89 while attending conferences in Ottawa.

#### FOR THE RECORD

**BASEBALL**—THE NETHERLANDS, one July, 5-3, European championship, Amsterdam

**BOXING**—MISS SUPERTEST II, drawn by Bob Hooper, 11 Clay (Mick) Paul Boundary Trophy Race for amateur ladies, with 2 1/2-mph average, for 3 hours.

**HAMBAUG RACING CLUB** won Howard Knapfright, 29 1/2 length, in 4:05.1 for 2,000 meters, by 1 length, in 4:12.1 for 2,500 meters, Homburg, Germany

**BOXING**—DICK RICHARDSON, 10-round defeat over Bob Baker, Portland, Idaho

**INGEMAR JOHANSSON**, 5-round KO over Arne Nusske, Minneapolis, Gothenburg, Sweden

**TONY ANTHONY**, 1-round KO over Cal Reed, light heavyweight, Los Angeles

**GEYSE POLLARD**, 10-round decision over Jim Hooper, middleweight, W. Jordan, Utah

**WILLIE DOCKERTY**, 10-round decision over George Benito, middleweight, New York

**GOLF**—JACKIE BURKE JR., Kamehameha, Lohi, N. H., Kamehameha Club Open, with 222 for 72 holes, Wakefield, Conn.

**PATTY KING**, Minneapolis, American Women's Open, with 245 for 72 holes, Minneapolis

**GYMNASTICS**—RUKKA, 22 of 25 gold medals in world championships, Moscow. Allocated champion Larisa Latynina and Boris Chikina, Russia

**HARNESS RACING**—EGYPTIAN PRINCESS: ELIOT (U.S. Harness Writers' Trot, 1 m., 36 1/2 length, in 2:05.1, Kentucky) Harness Race, Jersey, June

**SEMPHART STAR** 480,000 Empire State Trotting Club (1st leg), in 2 of 3 heats, Saratoga Harness Del Camorra, driver

**HORSE RACING**—BACKBONE #1720: Preference Derby, 1 1/4 m., by 1 1/2 length, in 1:05 1/2, Newmarket Pl. Under Allen as RICH FORTY 21,500 Delaware Oaks, 1 1/4 m., by 2 1/2 length, in 1:22.1, Delmar as P.P. Pete Anderson KP

**INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS**—STIRLING MORGAN, Bristol, 217 1/2 m. Via Real (Portland) Grand Prix, in 1:47.08, in 2:00.00, Rouen, France—Jen Beltr, France, in 1:00.00, Marseilles

**BOLD WILSON**, Glenside, N. C., NASCAR 100-m. convertible race, in 1:22.36, on 42 lap—average, in 1:22.36, in 2:00.00, Charlotte, S. C.

**PERD JOHNSON**, Chicago, 100-m. stock car race, in 2:27.51, with 42 7/8 mph average, in 1:55 Ford, Milwaukee

**POLO**—G. A. INTERCOLLEGIATE TEAM, over Winton, 3-1, Winton, England

**TENNIS**—ARGENTINA, over British West Indies, 3-0, Davis Cup American Zone first round, Buenos Aires



**RELLINGWORTH**, Chicago's Early Wynn gives vent to his joy after receiving credit for 4-3 All-Star victory over National Leagueans.

#### faces in the crowd ...



EDMAR EIDENHOWER, Tacoma, Wash. attorney, all smiles after his \$7 on home course, slyly commented on leather tie's 89 at Ott-tawa: "I shoot 'em straight, without trial balloons, I don't be-lieve in the Mulligan."



**DAN STOKES**, 27, lean and hungry-looking U. of Florida law student, whistled his way to 3 and 2 victory over Bob Ludlow in national public links golf final at Chicago, hurried off "to soak my feet in a bucket of water."



## THE CHASTENED OPTIMIST

(in which he returns  
from London a wiser man  
convinced at last  
all Lamplighter Gin is  
now in American hands)

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## FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

**MUSKELLUNGE:** WISCONSIN: FVG in Indian Head area of northern state where the "Big Chipp" (Chippewa River) along with Round Bay, Spider and Conduary lakes are offering muskie over 30 pounds and OVG.

**MINNESOTA:** Leech Lake muskie shaking off summer lethargy and snapping lures. A 45-pounder was top trophy last week and OVG.

**MICHIGAN:** Muskie FF all areas.

**BLUEFIN TUNA:** NOVA SCOTIA: Wedgeport, site of International Tuna Cup Match and in recent years somewhat fishless, reports Solder's Rip frothing with giant tuna. Anglers hopeful that fish will be in striking mood.

**TROUT:** IDAHO: Bright spot is famous Silver Creek, L and C but rich with 6- to 7-pound trout. Fish rising in early morning and taking well presented #16 McGinty's FVG.

**ATLANTIC SALMON:** NOVA SCOTIA: FVG all popular rivers with more than 3,000 salmon graded to date.

**PACIFIC SALMON:** WASHINGTON: Emergency restrictions on sport fishing promulgated last week by Fisheries Director Milo Moore to combat what he termed "murmuring deities" in salmon populations. From mouth of Columbia River north to Strait of Juan de Fuca and east to Tongue Point near Port Angeles limit now three salmon of 20 or more inches. In Puget Sound new limit three salmon of 16 or more inches. Draconic regulations halve old limits.

**SWORDFISH:** LONG ISLAND: Historic run still under way in Montauk-Shinnecock area. One day last week, for example, Captain Bill Holzman of private boat *Helix H.* (see page 4) hunted four broadbill off Shinnecock and had all four strike; OVG indefinitely.

**CALIFORNIA:** Three swordfish weighed in during past week by Balboa Angling Club sportsmen may bode that California swordfishing, long in doldrums, is perking up.

**STRIPED BASS:** NEW JERSEY: FF/FP.

**MARSHAGTOWN:** Cautious anglers doing well at night, but with cooler weather bet is ahead.

C—water clear FG—fishing good  
N—water normal height FF—fishing fair  
H—water high FP—fishing poor  
L—water low OVG—outlook very good  
B—water bally OG—outlook good  
WTS—water 50° OP—outlook poor

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover—Frost type from Ropho Gullmanette. 4—Don Bellows. 5—Richard Meek. A.F. 4—U.P.L. P—A.F. 12—right, Joe Bennett. Bill Gullmanette (first row), Colleen Mitchell, U.P.L., Mickey Seiler, N.Y. Harold Tolson, A.F. 13—Bill Bridges. 13—Art Tracy. 14—Merrett Sullivan. 15—John Gullmanette. 16—Richard Meek. 17—Jack Flanagan. 18—Paul A.F. Richard Meek. 22, 23—drawings by July 24, 25—Robert Phillips. 19—26—Christy 37—Richard Meek. 38—Christy 32—Fred Lynn from Ropho Gullmanette. 44—Christy 33—grand 45—Richard Meek. 46—U.P.L. 47—A.F. 62—me by William Gullmanette. 66—U.P.L.

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## COMING EVENTS

July 18 to July 27

- \* Television
- \* Color television
- \* Network radio

All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

### Friday, July 18

- BASEBALL**  
Chicago Cubs vs. Milwaukee Braves, Chicago, 7:25 p.m. (Mutual).
- Cafe Keweenaw vs. Bobby Seaton, lightsnights, 10 p.m., Mad Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- BOOGE**  
The Days of '61 Boogie, \$3,000, Salt Lake City (through July 24).
- TRACK & FIELD**  
British Empire and Commonwealth Games, Cardiff, Wales (through July 25).

### Saturday, July 19

- ARCHERY**  
International Target Championships, Brussels, Belgium (through July 3).
- AUTO RACING**  
NASCAR Convertible Division 100-mile race, 34.5 mi., Concordville, S.C.
- BASEBALL**  
Boston Red Sox vs. Detroit Tigers, Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC).
- Charmant Hickey vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 3:15 p.m. (CBS).
- New York Yankees vs. Kansas City Athletics, New York, 3:15 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOATING**  
Larchmont Race Week, Larchmont, N.Y. (through July 25).
- Marblehead Race Week, Marblehead, Mass. (through July 25).
- Chicago-Marquette Island sailing race, 333 miles.
- GOLF**  
PGA Championship (fourth day), Ravenhall, Pa. (also July 20) (CBS).
- HORSE RACING**  
The Westover, \$100,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 2:35 p.m. (P.D.F.).
- Parade Network, CBS regional, 9:00 p.m. (NBC).
- Louisa-Armstrong Memorial, \$75,000, 5-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/4 m. (half course), Arlington Park, Ill.
- Dwyer Handicap, \$48,000, 3-yr.-olds, 12/16 m., Jamaica, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).
- Michigan Mile, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 m., Detroit Race Course.
- Memorandum Handicap, \$100,000, 5-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/4 m. (Memorandum Park, N.J., 6 p.m. (NBC)).
- Midway Card, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up (Staten and Staten), 1 1/4 m., Delaware Park, Del., 4:45 p.m. (NBC).
- (Teletext).
- The Transamerica (race), \$50,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- Windsor Special Harness Race, Westbury, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC).
- SHOOTING**  
Territory of Hawaii Hunt Championships, Honolulu (also July 20).
- TENNIS**  
Eastern Seaboard Clay Court Championships, Forest Hills, N.Y. (also July 20).
- SOCCER**  
Olympic Pioneer Days, \$1,075, Olympic, Utah (through July 24).
- TRACK & FIELD**  
McNee-Pop Meet, Randall's Island, New York.

### Sunday, July 20

- AUTO RACING**  
USAC Championship Race, 25 miles, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
- BASEBALL**  
Baltimore Orioles vs. Cleveland Indians, Baltimore, 1:05 p.m. (CBS).
- Charmant Hickey vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Cleveland, 3:25 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOATING**  
U.S. Molt Sailing Championship Regatta (final day), Great Beach, N.J.
- SHOOTING**  
Convection State and Open all-stage Championships, Washington, Conn.
- TRACK & FIELD**  
Eastern Meet, Baltimore.

### Monday, July 21

- BOXING**  
Eddie Levick vs. Bill Florida, welterweights, 10 p.m. (J. New, New York, 12 p.m. (Dadmont)).
- SOCCER RACING**  
Lakes and Plover Handicap, \$15,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.

### Tuesday, July 22

- BASEBALL**  
Philadelphia Phillies vs. San Francisco Giants, Philadelphia, 1:00 p.m. (Mutual).
- HORSE RACING**  
Sage Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif. (Teletext).
- Kent and Sussex County Fair Stakes (3-yr.-old race), \$55,000, Harrington, Del.

### Wednesday, July 23

- BASEBALL**  
Chicago White Sox vs. Baltimore Orioles, Chicago, 3:00 p.m. (Mutual).
- SHOOTING**  
(Crew)  
Royal Canadian Mounted, St. Catharines, Ont. (through July 26).
- BOXING**  
Joe Brown vs. Kenny Lane, lightweight title bout, 13 lbs., Houston, 10 p.m. (ABC).
- HORSE RACING**  
Adriatic Lassie, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds (fillies), 4 1/4 m., Arlington Park, Ill.
- The Great American, \$55,000, 3-yr.-olds 5/8 1/4, Jamaica, N.Y. (Teletext).
- Saratoga Trotting Classic, \$20,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
- Kent and Sussex County Fair Stakes (3-yr.-old race), \$7,500, Harrington, Del.

### Thursday, July 24

- GOLF**  
Eastern Open, \$25,000, Baltimore (through July 27).
- French Lick Women's Open, \$7,000, French Lick, Ind.
- HORSE RACING**  
(Teletext)  
Cleveland Trotting Derby (FFA), \$25,000, Solon, Ohio.

### Friday, July 25

- AUTO RACING**  
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile race, 34.25 mi., Rochester, N.Y.
- BOXING**  
Zora Folley vs. Pete Rademacher, heavyweight, 10 p.m., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- HORSE RACING**  
(Teletext)  
Baltic Pacing Derby Final, \$20,000, Hamburg, N.Y.
- Free-For-All Test, Westbury, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC).
- HORSE SHOW**  
National Morgan Horse Show, Northampton, Mass. (through July 27).

### Saturday, July 26

- AUTO RACING**  
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile race, 34.25 mi., Belton, N.Y.
- NASCAR Convertible Division 100-mile race, \$4,250, Concordville, Pa.
- BASEBALL**  
Milwaukee Braves vs. Chicago Cubs, Milwaukee, 3:35 p.m. (NBC).
- Chicago White Sox vs. Boston Red Sox, Chicago, 3:15 p.m. (CBS).
- BOATING**  
Mages Cup, unlimited hydrox, Lake Tahoe, Calif.
- HORSE RACING**  
Delaware Handicap, \$110,000, 3-yr.-olds and up (fillies and mares), 1 1/4 m., Delaware Park, Del., 4:50 p.m. (CBS).
- Adriatic Lassie, \$100,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 m., Arlington Park, Ill.
- Brooklyn Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 3/16 m., Jamaica, N.Y.
- HOLLER SKATING**  
American Amateur Championships, Cleveland (through Aug. 3).

### Sunday, July 27

- BASEBALL**  
Cleveland Indians vs. New York Yankees, Cleveland, 1:15 p.m. (CBS).
- TRACK & FIELD**  
U.S.S.R. vs. U.S., Moscow (also July 25).

\*See local listing

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**... THE**

#### **ALL ABOUT BROZZ**

The pleasant young fellow on the left looks like a professor. He wears glasses, smokes a pipe, reads good books and welcomes conversation on any subject from religion to real estate. His associates, sure enough, call him "Professor."

His name is Jim Brosnan; he is a professional pitcher and an amateur psychologist. During tedious hours on the road this summer, Brosnan kept a diary. We present it here—the most unusual baseball writing to come along in years, penned by a 1958 antithesis of the brash rookie Ring Lardner once immortalized as the typical hallplayer.

Jim Brosnan was born in Cincinnati in 1929. His father loved baseball and decided Jim should become a hallplayer. His mother hated baseball and decided Jim should become a doctor. Jim was split. When he finally did begin playing ball, he was a disturbed young man and, by his own admission, difficult to get along with.

In 1948, Arthur Meyerhoff, a Chicago advertising executive who handles the Cubs' publicity, suggested that Brosnan see a psychiatrist. Jim spent eight months in analysis. He learned to control, to some extent, his temper.

Brosnan is married and has two young children. They have a home in Chicago where Jim played during 1956-57. Early this season he was traded to St. Louis.

As a pitcher, Jim has one peculiar failing. Good as he may be at first, he all too often folds in the late innings. Nevertheless, perhaps Moses Morya, a former teammate, but not a psychiatrist, his closest to home when he suggested: "Brozz, you go along fine for a while, and then about the seventh inning you begin to think your way right out of the game."

# ROOKIE PSYCHIATRIST

The uninhibited diary of a professional ballplayer, the likes of whom you have never met before

by JIM BROSNAN

Talk about your long seasons! Today was a year in itself. My roomie (Lee Walls) started it off. I know damn well somebody had heard something. At breakfast we practically had Al Dark at third for tonight's game.

The roomie hit the sack leaving an unfinished crossword for me... can't permit that. I completed it, read the paper, listened to the radio until I sensed Walls would decide he no longer could sleep—then I turned it off. Having a roomie causes the most selfish notions to take control! He finally grumbled off to dress and said he'd meet me in the lobby to go out to Oakland. Had to have our hair cut "at the right shop, you know." He turned the bathroom over to me and went out. I had a chapter to go in Spector's *Esquire* (still have) and I insisted on finishing it before I ate. He said, "ten minutes" and I said, "by three"; and continued to lie and read.

At 2:32 the phone rang. And tho I can't remember the exact time I was born, or married, or became a father, I have that minute imbedded forever in my memory. Holland (John Holland, general manager of the Chicago Cubs) said, "Will you come up to my room a minute?" ... and I looked at my watch—2:32 p.m. E.D.T. ... and I knew I had been traded.

Between thinking how to let my roomie know where I was, and thinking what my wife would say, I really didn't think where I might be going. The sure sense of having been traded was in me, however. And, just as in the oft-repeated past when I was sent to another club, usually a lower league, I climbed the stairs wonder-

ing how I would say what I felt without ruining the man's regard for me.

That tableau of the next hour, and the memory of it, is baky and slightly ridiculous. Holland's words "I don't know whether this is good news or bad news" ... and "We appreciate all you've done for the organization," while probably well intentioned, were spoken like a poor actor at first rehearsal. The self-hypnosis about the Grand Nature of the Good American Game tends to delude the managers of baseball. They have relatively little influence on each working day. Neither do they throw, nor catch, nor hit, so how can they win? Yet they assume divine authority over their performers as if an in-breathing of their spirit will transform men. The "flesh peddling" is

carried on daily, and the subconscious concern of man for his fellow creatures (be they simply ballplayers) creates a mental disturbance in baseball's bosses. For the player is an extension, inevitably, of the manager's own body. And the identification of Will and Instrument is so intimate a process that the release of a ballplayer by his manager must be a self-absolution. Mea Culpa, that I ever used you. Vale ... never darken my conscience again. ...

My roomie showed a hurt concern and regret ... we had reached a certain intimacy of men working deliberately together for a partly selfish, partly collective purpose. Other players smiled happily for me, and perhaps wondered that I showed less pleasure than they. I must remember not to laugh at the sweet sorrow that is supposed at parting. Yeah, the clubhouse boy, and Doc, the trainer, obviously were sorry, and together we were pitifully joyful at my "big

*continued*

ANNE BROSNAN typed her husband's diary, sent it in with apologies: "Some of it must have been jotted down on a mighty rocky plane, or at some wee hour. ... I have two small children and they no doubt 'helped' me by misquoting a page or two."



break. . . . "You'll be glad" . . . "think of the future" . . . and damn the regrets. If I make more friends in baseball let them be as comfortably close to me as those two?

My wife cried via long distance from Chicago . . . for ten minutes . . . and after not being able to get on the plane, and being told to await the Cardinal arrival—I did, too . . . a little. Why me?

#### MAY 21

I watched the game today between the Cubs and the Pirates. . . . The Cubs won and I lost . . . for I wished them no luck. Drabowsky's fiancée

later, and I went off on the streetcar. They yelled after me, "You're with the Cards now, take a cab."

The movie was magnificent. If Dark meant what he said about not understanding foreign movies (how many languages do you speak, he had asked inconspicuously), then I wonder how well he'll understand his new roommate. The realism of a work of art is so simple to comprehend, so elemental, that identification and understanding come to one in ninety minutes! Contrast the weeks of wondering of what your fellow man ever thinks about.

Somehow I missed Lee at the bar and the Cubs left. I sat there alone

about religion for hours . . . any kind of religion? We went at it for two hours. He didn't win. . . . I didn't either, but I wasn't playing seriously. I did play rough tho. We probably won't talk about it much hereafter. . . . I'm harder to convert to the Right Way than a left-handed shortstop.

The Pirates won the game. We scored too few times. An occupational hazard for pitchers. The game was well pitched, but too close for relaxation. The Cardinals have a bench warmer who chews up towels. He spits small balls of cotton on the dugout steps. Since the towels are purple in color, I thought for a



DIARY's cast of characters includes Arthur Meyerhoff (1), Chicago advertising executive and Jim's good friend; St. Louis manager Fred Hutchinson (2), who seems in wonder what he has on

his hands; Al Dark (3), for whom Brosnan was traded; Italian star Giulietta Masina (4) ("the realism of a work of art is so elemental" . . .); Brosnan himself (5) after he was hit in groin

was there and Moe asked me to sit with her during the game, a gesture unexpectedly pleasant. He did like me despite my treatment of him when he first joined the Cubs as my roommate. He must have felt my resentment of his status as a bonus player, and also of his obviously superior physical talent for the game. Despite my bitterness he always tried to be friendly. He'll be a success, I'm sure, and to him I wish good fortune. His girl loves him, and if he makes the most of that, what greater luck can a man have in any game?

After the game I ate at Carter's. Walls was there . . . with Dark. I sat down for coffee, and we talked for a while. Dark voiced the hope that we would not have a mutual wish for the other to have a bad year . . . just so the trade would look bad. I'll give it a try!

Lee seemed undecided about what to do till the train left for Philly, but I insisted that I was going to see Giulietta Masina in *Nights of Cabiria*. We agreed to have a drink

with a stinger . . . properly done, destiny! I finally called Art [Chicago Advertising Executive Art Meyerhoff], and his phone bill should reflect the concern, the regrets and the assurances he so wisely expressed. Perhaps I sensed his loss of power over me. I was now on my own.

#### MAY 22

The Cardinals arrived by plane at 2 a.m. So I waited till noon to get in touch with Hutch, who said, "Hello. Glad to have you with us." I took Dark's place in a bridge game in the clubhouse while the rain fell that canceled the night's game. My partner and I won two rubbers . . . I do like to play bridge.

The change of uniforms seemed hardly more noticeable than the posting of a new stockade guard at Ft. Meade.

#### MAY 23

My new roommate [Cardinal Pitcher Lindsey McDaniel] is a fan . . . a religious fan. He talks about his religious affiliation . . . incessantly. I was told . . . that's fine. I can talk

moment that somebody had shredded orchid petals on the steps. . . .

There is less joking and carefreeness on this bench. Nobody laughs when things are going bad. Everyone sits silently as the game goes on. Once in a while an umpire is criticized or a pitch praised (gorgeous curve ball) . . . or a base hit questioned (that ball should have been caught).

The beer is supplied by the local distributor for Budweiser. Two cases per day . . . win or lose. . . .

#### MAY 24

Still no runs. . . . Hutch lets the starter go a long way. As a former pitcher might be expected to. I see the difference between the Cubs and the Cardinals more quickly now. Chicago is a counter-punching club. Take a punch . . . take another . . . maybe we'll get an opening. The Cardinals slap and cut, always on the go. So far the majority of rounds seem to be going the other way. We took a plane for Cincinnati.

#### MAY 25

I was born in Cincy. My folks live



there, so does my married brother. And there are aunts and uncles, and a few friends from my adolescence. I haven't lived here since the first year I played as a pro.

When I checked in at the Netherlands Plaza I should have made some phone calls . . . that's etiquette . . . or nostalgic interest . . . or something. But I wanted to see *The Young Lions* because it was possibly a new emotional experience . . . escapism perhaps . . . but at least I knew I would enjoy it. So I went to the movies first.

**MAY 25**  
The papers said I had the first game. First I knew of it, for sure. My roomie

was lucky to see it. The ball broke my protective cup (as I later learned) and the pain was intense. Didn't note until I'd thrown Bell out on the rebound . . . but man . . . it hurt! After rolling around the infield for a while I lay still groaning. Ballplayers hovered over me with pained expressions and the trainer used ice and smelling salts . . . and I came to, hoping the ache would die down.

We won. The relief pitching was superb. Nothing like going all the way, but any win in a storm!

The reporters had an obviously good story, so they were in there pitching. What was there to say? I did my job. It was unusually difficult,

precipitated them, so that the days went by rapidly till I arrived with my own consolation. After the win in Cincy our baseball life obviously would still have its merits, thanks to a good start in the first game.

**MAY 27**  
I drove to Milwaukee for the game . . . ninety minutes from my home in Morton Grove. My groin was still too sore for exercise, but I enjoyed the feeling of belonging from the chorus of comments on the injury.

We lost to Spahn 3-2, despite his badly pitched game and our well-pitched game. Spahn is a treat to watch usually, and I was disappointed to see him win when he should not



by ball ("but man . . . it hurt"); Cubs' General Manager John Holland (6), who staged "slightly ridiculous" tableaux; Cardinal roomie Lindy McDaniel (7) ("a religious fan . . . that's fine



. . . I can talk about any religion for hours"); old roomie Lee Walls (8) ("we had reached a certain intimacy of men working deliberately . . . for a partly selfish, partly collective purpose").



had the second game so he wasn't going to the park until later. The forecast was for intermittent showers, so I knew the canyons would be on the field and we wouldn't hit. A bridge game was started and I joined in. There are five bridge players on this club so I felt good about the invite. Apparently Ennis [Cardinal Outfielder Del Ennis] doesn't play on the day of the game. I held bad cards . . . we made only one bid in nine deals. A Bad Omen?

Warming up, I didn't feel exceptionally good. Some days you throw better than others and you assume superiority, but today I knew I had my work cut out for me. The first batter doubled, and my assumption was confirmed. Nevertheless, I got out of the inning and we quickly made four runs in three innings to give me a boost. There's nothing like a good lead in three innings to make a pitcher feel like king of the hill.

In the sixth Bell hit a shot at me with two on. I saw it coming but I didn't glove it . . . with my eyes, I

perhaps, but not unique. The trainer gave me pills and assurance, and I headed for the train station. Since the club was going to Milwaukee I wanted to spend a day in my new house in Chicago.

The responsibility of buying a new home when you play ball is compounded by the risks of not spending more than half a year in it. Buying a big, expensive home is exaggerating the risk, perhaps, but so I did.

**MAY 26**  
My gait was a hobbled one when I got off the train. I could hardly help thinking, "Gus had enjoyed the hospitality of my new house at a house-warming party this past winter, and 'bang,' he thanks me with a blast in the groin!"

The pile of mail was enormous and the phone was still ringing as friends, acquaintances, and just plain fans called to express their opinions on the trade. Anne was snowed under with the calls, and the repetition of regrets largely relieved her own mind. However, she needed them, and ap-

preciated them, so that the days went by rapidly till I arrived with my own consolation.

**MAY 28**  
The kids knew I was leaving when I packed my bags. They "helped" me put my things together for a month's absence from home. Tim was crying even before he decided to take my shorts and T shirts back out of the bag. Jamie, being older by a year, takes it in her stride. . . . "We'll go to kiddieland later, won't we, Daddy?" No child ever got a greater thrill out of the carnival ideas than Jamie. If she always maintains such a patient attitude to pleasure she'll make a great woman for somebody (not a ballplayer).

I took a train to Milwaukee and a plane to St. Louis after the game. We won in 12 innings 7-4. The single player in a new major league city finds it hard to choose between Any Place and The Right Place. A transient guest is inevitably downgraded in his host's eye. The succession of Card players had designated the

continued on page 57

## SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Meek

# *The sporty Sailfish shows off in Wisconsin*

**Colorful surfboards with sails  
are cutting a bright pattern across  
the nation's waterfront, offering fun  
to families with small budgets  
and big appetites for sailing**

THE QUICK, colorful little surfboards with sails shown on these pages cavorting around the stormy waters of Pine Lake, Wisconsin are fast becoming America's most popular sailing craft. Wild, wet and yet wonderfully safe, they make a perfect plaything for young families who want to sail without the headaches and bent budgets of big-time racing or cruising.

The Sailfish was born in 1948 when Alex Bryan, of Waterbury, Conn., was looking around for a new product to add to his iceboat and surfboard business. Purely as an experiment, he attached a fin and rudder to one of his surfboards, hoisted an old canoe sail on a handy pole, and shoved off. This was the beginning of the Sailfish. Now, 10 years later, there are 9,000 Sailfish scattered across the world, from the U.S. Pavilion at the Brussels Fair to the shores of Burma, where the Burmese navy just took delivery on an order of five.

Everyone who tries the Sailfish seems to like it, for a variety of good reasons. First, it is about the cheapest sailing craft on the market—\$168 for a plywood kit to \$392 for a finished fiberglass model. Second, it can be stored in the cellar and hauled around on the top of a station wagon. Third, it is unsinkable. And, finally, as the pictures on the following pages show, the Sailfish provides as much pure excitement and plain sailing fun as any boat 10 times the size.

*Family skippers of the Pine Lake Sailfish fleet gather on the dock during short lull in their afternoon race program.*



*Bright sails bellying out against an ominous gray sky, rakish little Sailfish bowl along before a rising squall as they head toward leeward marker under west shore of Wisconsin's Pine Lake*







*Scrambling Sailfish steered by Herb Brumder skids by capsized Pine Lake skippers Hester Holbrook (in water) and Nancy Kyle (righting her hull)*

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## Heidi: a Profile

THE most eminently placed and underreported bitch in America is undoubtedly the 3-year-old, ash-colored Weimaraner named Heidi who lives in the White House and answers to the whistle of the President of the United States. Heidi, a quick-moving, pointer-shaped animal bred for hunting and ghostly good looks, is the first White House dog since Franklin Roosevelt's testy, possibly basically Republican, little Scottish terrier Fala. From the notes of an old Washington dog watcher, who thinks it is high time somebody sketched a short profile of Heidi, we offer the following current report:

Heidi does not yet have the mature *arrier-faire*, rakish aplomb or superior poise of Fala. Moreover, her master does not give her much chance to romp at the feet of visiting prime ministers or otherwise shine in society. But Heidi is having a ball anyway.

With hot weather, Heidi has been slipping into the Presidential working quarters oftener and oftener, since she likes the air conditioning as well as anybody else. She comes scratching (Weimaraners are good scratchers) at one of the doors of her master's office that opens onto the White House terrace. Master can usually be counted upon to let her in. Sooner or later there is another open door, and Heidi rambles down the ball. She likes to make for General Jerry Persons' office, roll over on her back and let the general scratch her stomach.

On Heidi's collar is a little brass tag that reads: "President Eisenhower." This is very imposing, but not to other dogs. Until Ike had Heidi sprayed, there was a certain problem with dogs bearing no White House credentials (possibly even Democrats) slipping

through the iron fence and pursuing Heidi, while sweating White House policemen pursued them. Heidi is also sometimes slack about her house-breaking training and has been forgetful a few times in the diplomatic reception room on the ground floor of the White House proper.

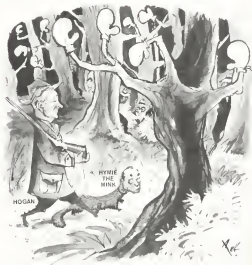
Worse yet is a still more delicate problem—and it would be best if Oregon's Senator Dick Neuberger never heard of it. Heidi has, once or twice, trotted proudly up to White House attendants and dumped the body of a squirrel in their feet in loyal generosity. Since Senator Neuberger raised such a ruckus about the mere

deportation of squirrels, he might go berserk at this news—unless he is a balance-of-nature advocate. In any case, the squirrels are getting very wary of Heidi.

## Ask the Man Who Owned One

SIXTY YEARS ago a young manufacturer of Warren, Ohio, after driving two European cars and a Winston, set about building his own automobile in a shed attached to his aircraft factory. It appears that James Ward Packard did not intend to make a luxury car, since the early accounts

continued



Open season in boxing's jungle

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

merely stress the fact that the Packard would climb a hill.

Packard was a thoughtful individual with rimless pince-nez and the benign expression of President William McKinley, whom he resembled. He got his first car on the market in 1899 and sold it for \$1,250. Then he exhibited at Madison Square Garden and sold three Packards to William Rockefeller, shortly thereafter selling the whole firm to Henry Joy, a Detroit playboy, who proceeded to make ownership of a Packard an American symbol of success, wealth, prestige, happiness and the joy of life.

This week the Studebaker-Packard Corporation announced that it was discontinuing the Packard line because the company's "deathly is tied to smaller cars." How well Joy and Packard had achieved their aim of making Packard synonymous with luxury was evident in the fact of the announcement. For 30 years Packard fitted into American folklore as the big car. The 1903 model sold for \$7,500. The 1907 cost only \$4,200, but the advertising was so swanky that a single catalog cost the company \$35 for every copy it gave away. In the '20s, when some 50,000 Packards were sold a year (for about \$3,600), the Packard was beyond American rival as the symbol of class, with its exultant advertisements

—*Ask the Man Who Owns One!*—and its distinctive radiator line, unchanged in model after model, that made it instantly recognizable everywhere.

It is doubtful if anybody really loved the '20s enough to shed a tear at the passing of another of its landmarks. And it may be things got twisted somewhere along the way. From being an attribute of good living, the reward of success, symbols like the Packard became ends in themselves: people wanted to be successful so they could own one, and any achievement that fell short tended to be regarded as failure. Studebaker-Packard is going to get its new small car out this fall, just 59 years after the first Packard was rolled out of its shed, November 8, 1899.

### On Count 815, Exhale

HOLDING your breath for extended periods underwater is a form of competition which has relatively few adherents. One of the more enthusiastic of these is—or rather, was—Dr. Robert W. Keast, 36, of San Rafael, California. On July 4 Dr. Keast dropped into the swimming pool of the Burlingame Country Club and stayed under, holding his breath, for 13 minutes 35 seconds. When he came up he coughed badly for a while and had a pain in his chest, but he was

the new world champion underwater breath-holder.

It took preparation, of course. Dr. Keast, who is an anesthesiologist and a skin-diver, trained for his championship effort by breathing pure oxygen for 30 minutes just before he entered the pool. Forty pounds of lead attached to him here and there helped keep him under, and a skin-diver's mask made it unnecessary for him to hold his nose. Once submerged, he kept perfectly still, to conserve oxygen, and a friend at poolside marked off the minutes as they passed by underwater hand signals. The friend was Al Giddings, who himself was the world champion underwater breath-holder until Dr. Keast passed the 11-minute 40-second mark, at which time he became the former champion.

Why did the doctor do it? Well, it made an interesting "special event" for July 4 at the country club. How did it feel to win a world championship? "I disliked the experience very much," said Dr. Keast. "I'll never do it again."

### The Driven Nail

DURING the late 1920s when Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig were the idols of every red-blooded American boy, Italian youngsters worshipped at the shrine of another sportsman every bit as peerless as they. He was Tazio Nuvolari, a slight, dark introvert from Mantua whose nerveless daring and almost superhuman skill at the wheel had made him the undisputed master of automobile racing the world over.

As American kids lost in dreams of derring-do longed to fill the shoes of the Babe and Larruping Lou, young Italians dreamed of a day when they too might roar around an oil-slicked curve with the cool skill of The Flying Mantuan, but few followed their dreams into maturity, for the sport at which Nuvolari excelled was a deadly game. Except for the tragic fact of an unhappy marriage at an early age, it might be that even Luigi Musso would have chosen a safer outlet for his sporting instinct.

Luigi was only a baby when Nuvolari

## They Said It

**NINO VALDES** after his ninth-round knockout of Heavyweight Harold Carter in Spokane: "I did it for my baby. He's four months old. He eats all the time."

**BILL ROSENTHAL**, hustling promoter of the Patterson-Harris heavyweight title fight in Los Angeles, August 18, on his plan to sell tickets on an order-not-pay-later basis to Diners' Club members: "I found out a lot of sports fans on the West Coast don't read the papers. [They drive to work instead of riding subways and commuter trains.] I felt that direct mail was the answer and I wanted to get a list."

**RALPH (BABE) PINELLI**, retired National League umpire reminiscing on his oddtime nose-to-nose arguments with Leo Durocher: "I always enjoyed an argument with Leo because he used lots of deadweight. . . . It was like heady perfume. One day he started to give me a lot of lip and I said, 'Leo, you smell sweet.' His face reddened, he slammered and then answered, 'Yaakkk, or something like that, and walked away. I do believe he was embarrassed.'"



kari achieved his first fame in Italy's toctuous Mille Miglia. The lithe, light-hearted son of a wealthy Roman attorney, Luigi seemed to have been born a sportsman. He was a skilled horseman before he was 10, a sleek, swift swimmer, an expert sailor, an enthusiastic hunter and skeet-shooter who went on to win an international championship. According to an old friend, "He was the best, most modest boy who ever lived."

Nobody can say what might have happened to Luigi Musso if he had found the happiness he sought in the beautiful young wife he married at 21. The only known fact is that he didn't. The marriage produced a son and a daughter whom Luigi adored, but the joy he found in parenthood was erased by disillusion in the romance that brought it. In 1950, knowing his marriage was a failure, Luigi Musso took up race driving. "Looking always ahead to the finish line," said an old friend, "perhaps because he could not bear to look back."

"One nail drives out another," wrote Luigi to his sister, quoting the Shakespeare verse that ends "... the remembrance of my former love is by a newer object quite forgotten."

The following year, the daring new driver won his first prize in a small-car race at Naples. Within four years, driving big cars along circuits in Italy, France, England and Germany, he racked up an impressive series of international victories. Critics called him "the Reasonable Champion" because of the thoughtful caution with which he always seemed to calculate his risks. "I try to leave myself a 30% margin of safety," Luigi said, "but when I think it's worth a try, I keep my foot down and reduce the margin to 5%."

Luigi Musso, Eugenio Castellotti, Alfredo Ascari—in the early 1950s these were the three great Italian drivers deemed by all most likely to succeed to the crown of Tazio Nuvolari. Then in 1955, Ascari, the greatest of them, met his death in a skid at Monza. Two years later Eugenio Castellotti was killed at Modena. "There were only the two of us, racing for Italy against the world," said



"Oops, sorry. I was just trying out my new Lederhosen."

Musso. "Now he is dead and I am alone."

Time after time Musso himself narrowly escaped death. Only five months after Castellotti's death, he cracked up on the same track and stepped out of his car, by a miracle, only scratched. In Buenos Aires he broke a steering rod and reeled helplessly through a nightmare field of roaring autos to escape unhurt again. Between crashes he would return to the villa he shared in Rome's Via Veneto with his daughter, sister and mother to assure them all of his indestructibility. But no one, as Luigi Musso probably knew best of all, is indestructible.

Last month at Monza, Musso became nearly asphyxiated with methanol fumes from the car ahead of him and had to quit the race. Whether the lethal fumes were still clouding his judgment when he took the wheel of a big Ferrari at Rheims a week later is undetermined. Whatever the

cause, Luigi Musso approached a curve in France's Grand Prix at a speed that took no account of his traditional 30% safety margin. "Only Fangio—the great Argentine champion—can take that curve that fast," said Signor Ferrari himself as his ace driver roared by. "Musso should have braked."

But Musso did not. And now Luigi Musso is dead. Of the four great drivers who together brought most of the laurels of international auto racing home to their native Italy, only one—the pioneer Tazio Nuvolari—managed to survive his prime, to die at the age of 61 of ailments shunted by a lifetime of defying death. "Like our other great champions," wrote Italy's leading sports magazine *Corriere dello Sport* of Musso, "you have gone to a brutal end." "The victim," wrote a Milan paper, "of a sport gone mad, which has forgotten that life is sacred."

*Continued*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

### *Casey Stengel gives the Senate a lecture on the Spirit of '76*

CASEY STENGEL was the first witness in the hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, a man with a clear conscience, a profound knowledge of baseball and—what the Senate of the United States has always needed—an instinctive sense of what interests the American people. He settled himself in the witness chair the morning after his American League team won the All-Star Game in Baltimore, in the vast, granite-walled, red-carpeted Senate Caucus Room, where innumerable sweating witnesses have invoked the Fifth Amendment and where hearings generally have become synonymous with tedium and grimy revelations.

For 45 minutes he delivered a monologue composed of hilarious autobiographical fragments, homemade poetry, pungent *non sequiturs* and guarded revelations of lines of inquiry the subcommittee might profitably follow—an amazingly frank, cheerful, shrewd, patriotic address that left the Senators stunned, bewildered and delighted, convulsed his fellow witnesses Ted Williams, Mickey Mantle and Stan Musial and set 300 spectators roaring with spontaneous laughter. "The best entertainment," gasped Senator O'Mahoney (Democrat), "that we have had around here in a long time."

The bill before the Senate provides that the original 1890 antitrust act, as twice amended, does not apply to professional baseball, football, basketball and hockey, insofar as they are concerned with: 1) equalization of competitive playing strength; 2) employment and assignment of players; 3) agreements to operate in specified geographical areas; 4) regulation of radio and television broadcasts; 5) preservation of public confidence in the honesty of the contests. It is the same as the famous H.R. 10378 which passed the House last month. When Senator Hennings introduced it into the Senate he secured a list of 45 distinguished co-sponsors from both

parties, more than enough of the Senate's 96 members, under most circumstances, to insure passage. However, Senator Kefauver, chairman of the Subcommittee on Monopoly, expressed concern about a blanket waiver of the antitrust laws. So hearings were ordered, Stengel and the players summoned first because the All-Star Game brought them conveniently near Washington at the same time.

and was discharged; we call it *discharged* because there is no question I had to leave."

For some reason this earnest exposition of his early hardships evoked only laughter. He digressed to the subject of the Yankees and the reasons for their success: 1) good organization—"While I am not the ballplayer who does the work, I have no doubt worked for a ball club that is



MIKEY MANTLE ("MY VIEWS ARE JUST ABOUT THE SAME AS CASEY'S") AND

"Mr. Stengel," said Senator Kefauver, "you are the manager of the New York Yankees. Will you give us very briefly your background and views about this legislation?"

"Well, I started in professional ball in 1910," said Casey Stengel. "I have been in professional ball, I would say, for 48 years. . . I played as low as Class D ball, which was at Shelbyville, Kentucky, and also Class C ball, and Class A ball, and I have also advanced in baseball as a ballplayer."

"I had many years that I was not so successful as a ballplayer, as it is a game of skill. And then I was no doubt discharged by baseball, in which I had to go back to the minor leagues as a manager; I became a major league manager in several cities

very capable in the office"; 2) superb press, radio and television coverage; 3) the Spirit of 1776.

"Our ball club is successful because we have it," he explained, "and we have the Spirit of 1776. We put it into the ball field. . ."

Then he returned to his dolorous experiences in the minors. In fact, the minors dominated Casey Stengel's testimony. "I have been up and down the ladder. I know there are some things in baseball, 35 to 50 years ago, that are better now than they were in those days. In those days, my goodness, you could not transfer a ball club in the minor leagues. . . How could you transfer a ball club when you did not have a highway . . . ? When the railroads then would take you to a town you

got off, and then you had to wait and sit up five hours to go to another ball club? How could you run baseball then without night ball? You had to have night ball to improve the proceeds, to pay larger salaries, and I went to work the first year I received \$135 a month. I thought that was amazing—enough money to go to dental college. I found out it was better than dentistry, I stayed in

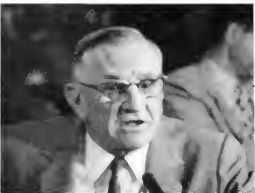
gress to concern itself with matters of interest to millions of Americans, and in so doing become a bigger attraction than big league baseball. He modestly suggested that he would welcome a chance to manage Congress. Despite the laughs that he timed with the skill of an oldtime vaudevillian, he remained serious, an intent, composed figure in a gray serge suit, deeply aware of the eco-

nomies of the game. What he seemed to have in mind was that the bill before the Senate didn't go far enough, or did not touch the real possibilities; that there should be many measures and inquiries of all sorts in all fields of popular interest to turn Congress from its dreary routine into something as vital as a good ball game. When he said the Yankees put the Spirit of 1776 into the ball field, he meant it, and proved it by showing how the Yankees' success helped other teams: "I would say they are mad at us in Chicago; we fill the parks. . . I will say they are mad at us in Kansas City, but we broke their attendance record."

Now, why shouldn't the minor leagues be interesting? Why shouldn't Congress be interesting? People weren't interested in minor league players, but that was a manifest absurdity—Stengel himself was a minor league player most of his life. That was what he was talking about. One reason was that no one knew who the minor league players were. "Softball is interesting," said Casey Stengel. "The parent is interested; he goes around with him. He watches his son, and he is more enthusiastic about the boy than some stranger that comes to town and wants to play in a little wooden park with no facilities to make you be interested."

He made no concrete suggestions as to what Congress should do—"I want to let you know that as to the legislative end of baseball you men will have to consider what you are here for." But he had no doubt that Congress would be a success if he managed it. "Forty years ago," said the old showman, "you would not have cameras flying around here every five minutes, but we have got them here, and more of them than around a ball field. I will give you that little tip."

That little tip was a nudge to the Senators as meaningful as one of Casey's conferences at the mound. Don't worry about baseball's bigness, he was saying in effect; baseball has changed, but so has Congress, and more people are watching both of us than ever before.



TED WILLIAMS SURRENDERS TO LAUGHTER AS STENGEL LECTURES LAWMAKERS

baseball. Any other questions you would like to ask me?"

"Mr. Stengel," said Senator Kefauver, "I am not sure I made my question clear."

"That is all right," replied Casey courteously. "I am not sure I am going to answer yours perfectly either."

In the 7,000 unhaekneyed words of his testimony he avoided making any comment on the legislation. At one point he said of the farm system: "I think they ought to be just as they have been," and at another he grudgingly admitted: "I didn't ask for the legislation."

But he also made it clear that his support of the status quo did not mean that he opposed Congress' inquiry. On the contrary, he perceived a magnificent opportunity for Con-

gress to concern itself with matters of interest to millions of Americans, and in so doing become a bigger attraction than big league baseball. He modestly suggested that he would welcome a chance to manage Congress. Despite the laughs that he timed with the skill of an oldtime vaudevillian, he remained serious, an intent, composed figure in a gray serge suit, deeply aware of the eco-

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WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

## THE OLD GIRL AND THE SEA

With matronly grace, the 19-year-old Stephens-designed sloop *Vim* showed this view of her elegant stern to a sleek young rival in the first cup Defense Trial off Newport, R.I. last week. Setting a brisk pace over 21 miles of glittering water, the old girl left her baby sister *Columbia*, the newest Stephens boat, trailing all the way to maintain her long-standing rank as First Lady of the 12-meters.

*Photograph by Richard Mee*





## HITS OF SUMMER

At beach clubs in California and Long Island the camera recorded summer's hottest Sporting Look. It was the chemise swimsuit (*left*), a late starter which swimsuit manufacturers brought out in special July collections and were crash-delivering to stores at the height of the season. Consequently, grownups were only catching up with the kiddies, who were already sacked in a variety of bag-shaped swimsuits introduced during the winter resort season (SI, Feb. 3). Sack shapes definitely dominated the cabana and beach coverups, which are becoming more popular each year for all ages. Standing firmly behind their own No. 1 hit—the knitted suit on a whistle-bait figure—were both coasts' teen-agers. Even that traditionally shy and conservative bird the teen-age male turned up for the first time in his own brand of whistle bait: skin-tight, knee-length swimsuits called John La.



**SACK SUNDRESS** with hidden drawstring hemline is by Brigrance, is the choice of Mrs. William Gettle at the Bel-Air Bay Club.

**SWIM SHIRT**, one of Rose Marie Reid's collection, is premiered by Mrs. Benjamin Grier, also at California's Bel-Air Bay Club.





**TERRY PONCHO** covers up wearer's shape, shows off that of '90s swimmer, on Molly Connely at Sandbar Beach Club, Quogue.

**SUHSUITERS** are all sacked in the same Randy suit at Bel-Air Bay Club: from left, Carly Cordner, Cynthia and Sarah Grier.



**TEEN-AGERS** are Jean Birdsell and Joe McCaffery (in Jantzen's John L suit) at Swoedfish Beach Club, Westhampton.



**WEEPY WILLOWS** droop behind the eighth green of Bloomfield Hills Country Club, where Mrs. Virginia Yntema puts as son Teddy (dark shirt) and husband Theodore look on. Mr. Yntema, an economist, is the Ford Motor Co.'s financial vice-president.

*Photographed by David Kitz*

**COOLING OFF** at the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club pool is Architect Eero Saarinen and his wife Aline, an art critic. Saarinen has designed MIT's controversial auditorium and cylindrical chapel and is a consultant on the Air Force Academy chapel.

**WONDERFUL WORLD** *continued*

## 'AND THE LIVING IS EASY'

No fish jumping here and a far place from high cotton, but it is summertime in Detroit, and on a weekend, as in all the hot cities of the Western world, people head for open water, offshore breezes, the slap of chop against a hull; for the leafy shade and sunny greens of a golf course, or just a pool to splash in, a poolside to talk by about a pennant race or last night's *Late Show*.

In Detroit, three elegant places to beat the heat are the Grosse Pointe Club, the Bloomfield Hills CC and the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club.







**LOUNGING ON** the 88-foot yawl *Fleetwood* on the day of the Green Pointe Club Regatta (*Fleetwood*, a four-time Mackinac winner, was disqualified for jumping the gun) are Bob Ford,

real estate manager, Martin Götting, lawyer, Jack Hendrie, account executive; Mrs. Ford, and (pardon their backs) Don Cardose, sales engineer; and Bruce Davenport, a sales executive.



**CREW-SHIRTED CREW** of *Quintel*, a new 39-foot yawl, are Ted Buttrick, sales representative; Jim Whitehead, president, Whitehead Stamping Co.; *Quintel*'s owner-designer, Fred Ford; John B. Ford III, Portland Cement executive; Kirk Walsh, stockbroker; Ledyard Mitchell Jr., Chrysler official.



# 'I LIKE TO BEAT 'EM'

**That is the attitude of the comely young lady opposite. At the age of 14, Chris von Saltza is the nation's best swimmer**

by RICHARD POLLARD

On July 4th, in a swimming meet at Fleishhacker Pool in San Francisco, a pretty blonde lass stepped to her mark. A friendly voice on the loudspeaker announced: "This is a special race. Chris von Saltza, swimming alone, will attempt to break the American record in the 100-meter freestyle. Good luck, Chris." Shivering from the cold, biting wind which blew in from the Pacific Ocean a few yards away, the 14-year-old girl turned to her young coach, George Haines, and said plaintively: "I have to break the record; it's been in all the papers. If I don't, I'll feel like a fool."

Seconds later the starter's gun barked. Chris von Saltza plunged into the icy salt water and stroked powerfully toward the temporary bulkhead 50 meters away. Her start was poor, her muscles stiff from the chilling wind. Chris made the turn in 30.9 seconds and headed for home. Halfway up the pool the announcer came on again: "Let's bring her in, folks." The 200 spectators chanted, "Come on, Chris"—32.7 agonizing seconds later she touched the pool's edge. Miss Von Saltza had swum, under something less than ideal conditions, the fastest 100 meters ever turned in by an American woman—1:03.6.

Forty minutes later, Chris was aroused from her sleeping bag near the pool for the 400-meter freestyle. As she shuffled sleepily and self-consciously by the stands her mother, in the front row, said quietly, "Wake up, Chris." Her daughter smiled and nodded.

At the end of 200 meters, nearly a lap ahead of her nearest opponent,

Chris was obviously heading for another record. She finished strong and seemingly fresh in 4:59.2, the fastest 400 meters ever swum by an American girl. Young Von Saltza finished off the day by winning the 100-meter backstroke in 1:13.9, slightly more than a second over the world record, then anchored her Santa Clara Swim Club team to a 400-meter relay victory. Five days before, at the Olympic pool in Los Angeles, Chris had broken her own American record in the 200-meter freestyle. Time: 2:17.1. All in all, it was quite a week's work for a 14-year-old.

Chris von Saltza is the best freestyle swimmer ever developed in America. But if the Olympics were held today, on the basis of comparative times, Chris could not win either the 100- or 400-meter freestyle: Australians Dawn Fraser and Lorraine Crapp have swum better times respectively in these events and, if these two fade, the Aussies' massive, coordinated—in a sense subsidized—swimming program will certainly develop other girls of equal talent.

Eight years ago, a personable, good-looking Santa Clara High School coach named George Haines decided to organize an age group swimming team. A former collegiate swimmer from Kalamazoo College and San Jose State, Haines got approval from the school board to use the pool late in the afternoon and during specified hours on weekends. Working without pay, Haines set about collecting a group of swimmers—boys and girls—who would be willing to work hard. Five years after the Santa Clara Swim Club started, a San Jose radiologist named Dr. John von Saltza

came to the pool with his two daughters, Karen, aged 13 and Chris, aged 11. Neither had swum competitively, but they came from an athletic family. John von Saltza's father, Phillip, made the second string All-America football team at Columbia in 1905. Husky, handsome John von Saltza had been on the Stanford swimming team. Of the two little girls, Chris was the stronger and the more athletic—she could throw a football farther and a baseball harder than anyone in the block, was quarterback on the neighborhood touch football team and pitcher on the baseball team.

## SLEEPS AND SWIMS

Haines agreed to take on the two von Saltza girls, threw them in the pool with his other 60 squealing, enthusiastic boy and girl swimmers. Within two months, Haines knew he had an exceptionally talented swimmer in young Chris. Even with the crudest form, she showed power and speed in the freestyle. Chris had three other characteristics which impressed George Haines. She was extremely competitive ("I like to beat 'em"); she was calm, slept between races rather than waste energy worrying about competitors; she took instruction beautifully. The last was most important at the tiny Santa Clara High School pool. With so many kids Haines doesn't have time for individual instruction. He gets them all in the pool and yells. "The other kids were always laughing and fooling around. Whenever I spotted Chris she was watching me and listening to everything I said."

In her second year, at the age of 12, Chris qualified for the Olympic tryouts in Detroit. She missed by a heart-breaking few seconds in the 400 meters. Chris would have been the youngest girl ever to make the Olympic swimming team. Then and there

*continued*

Chris decided she was going to make the 1980 team.

Immediately after the Olympic Games, Haines and Chris went to work on a four-year program. Chris had no trouble with her legs; she was born with a powerful kick. The arms were the problem. Haines was impressed with the Aussie girls' high arm recovery and powerful stroke. He became convinced, after viewing pictures of Dawn Fraser and Lorraine Crapp, that the arms were all-important. "The kick is the stabilizer," says Haines, "a good swimmer must have powerful legs to keep the body planing. Then the arms can do the work." Chris started on intensive arm- and shoulder-building exercises out of the pool and began laboriously switching from the stiff, low-arm method of bringing the arms forward to the more efficient bending of the arms abruptly and throwing them close to the head. To simplify, it meant that when the left arm passed the head in the low, straight arm recovery it looked like a left turn signal; in the high arm recovery it was bent and pointed upward, like a cricket's hind leg.

Chris also learned to breathe without moving her head more than a fraction of an inch. Spectators invariably ask Haines: "When does she breathe?" If there is any difference, today, between her style and the Aussies' it would be Chris's relatively slight roll. She rides high on the water, her body is so well balanced you could, George Haines says, "ride a bucket of water on her back without spilling a drop." Ann Curtis, until Von Saltza the fastest freestyle swimmer ever developed in America, and a stylist herself, met Chris for the first time at the Fleischhacker Pool. Said Ann: "She swims like a dream. I got goose pimples just watching her." In Ann's opinion Chris's best distance is the 400 meters.

Chris now has the motivation and the form. Between now and the next Olympics her improvement will depend on conditioning. Knowing this, George Haines is putting her and a few others of his best young swimmers on a two-a-day workout schedule when school starts next fall. This means that, rain or shine, this 14-year-old youngster must get up at 5:30 a.m. five mornings a week and be ready to leave her Saratoga home with her father at 6:40. Dr. Von

Saltza will drop his daughter off at the pool on his way to the hospital each morning. Haines and Chris will work from 7 to 8:30. Mrs. Von Saltza will pick Chris up and drive her back to Saratoga for a 9 a.m. class will take her back to the pool each afternoon for a 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. workout—is all, three and a half hours a day of kicking and pulling and repetitive distance swimming. Though short of what the Aussies will do, Haines feels this program will put his prodigy in top shape.

#### ROCKY ROAD TO ROME


The discouraging thing about the dedication of young Von Saltza, her teammates and her 34-year-old coach is that they have received little help and no little hindrance in their effort to make a creditable showing in the next Olympics. Without pay, Haines has taken on the coaching responsibility for the Santa Clara club. He has produced the best freestyle swimmer in America; the 1957 National Team Champions, both indoors and outdoors; the 220-yard butterfly champion, Jane Wilson; the medley relay champions, indoors and outdoors; and one of the nation's best breaststrokers, Ann Warner. But it took a good deal of persuasion before an enlightened school board approved the use of the Santa Clara High School pool for the club. And though it is nice to have a place to train, the pool itself is totally inadequate. First, like most pools in America, Santa Clara's is 25 yards long—and all recognized world records must be made in a 50-meter pool. Secondly, it is much too small to accommodate Haines's 93 club members (50 girls and 43 boys). Hence the boys and girls must swim up and down in relays, three and four to a lane designed for a single swimmer. This summer to give his team practice at 50 meters and over Haines has been taking them to a reservoir in the mountains. This is fine except that the swimmers are so far away from Haines they can't hear his instructions. It seems incredible that in a nation with the U.S.'s interest in international sport, possessing more private swimming pools than any country in the world, we don't build more full-length pools to aid such hard-working kids. Australia can. Americans, sadly, don't think it important. Yet they'll yell bloody murder when the Aussies beat our half-trained athletes in the 1990 Olympics.

Just as the gifted child has trouble with the educational system in the U.S., so does the gifted athlete. Being both—Chris von Saltza has a straight A average—Chris was able to score a major victory over the system next fall. She has been excused from her 8 a.m. gym class for the fall semester so she can take her morning workouts. Broad-minded school authorities in Los Gatos, after seeing Chris in action at one of the meets, ruled she could drop gym. This was fortunate because last year, just before the nationals, Chris's gym requirement was tumbling. She showed up at this all-important meet stiff and bruised.

Susan ("don't call me that") Christine von Saltza is a handsome, direct, self-assured young lady. Out of the pool, in an attractive bathing suit, she is a very pretty girl. In a black, shapeless racing suit, with her blonde hair wet and plastered down, her eyebrows and eyelashes faded from the sun, Chris looks like a tall Mickey Rooney. A long-waisted 5-foot-10-inch 132-pounder, Chris has strongly muscled shoulders, narrow hips and sturdy legs. Like all great athletes, she recovers fast after exertion and thrives on hard work. By any known standards of athletic longevity, Von Saltza should reach her physical peak somewhere between 22 and 26. That is some 10 years away, and it is doubtful if Chris will still be swimming competitively more than a year after the 1980 Olympics. Not if she follows the pattern. For with some exceptions, notably Ann Curtis, most of the top girl swimmers in the past decade have given up after the Olympic year, or before they reached 19. Boredom with the back-breaking, tedious training is the main reason. Going to college, which Chris will certainly do, and getting interested in boys is another. As Nancy Simons, a member of the last Olympic team, now an attractive Stanford cod, puts it: "You suddenly realize that there's something in life besides swimming up and down a pool."

Luckily for the 1980 U.S. Olympic team Chris won't get bored with swimming for at least two more years. Sixteen-year-old sister Karen gave it up this year and is now studying art in Switzerland. But Chris isn't interested in anything, at the moment, except keeping her promise to herself to make the 1980 Olympic team. "After the Games, well," says Chris, "I just don't know. That's a long time away."

END



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LOIS & HARLAND MEISTRELL *conclude their series on*

## EDUCATING THE FAMILY DOG

by **VIRGINIA KRAFT**

*Drawings by* **DANIEL SCHWARTZ**

Last week the Meistrells told you how to housebreak your new puppy, how to accustom him to the family, teach him to sit and stay on your command and how to walk at heel. These basic exercises form the foundation of the more difficult lessons shown on the following pages. Because they are so important to all future training, make sure that your dog knows them thoroughly before beginning his advanced education.



**PERSUADING DOG** to stay when down, the trainer combines hand movement with command *stay* (*stow*), keeps all movements slow, voice gentle to avoid exciting or confusing the dog.



**HELPING DOG** to stay when standing, trainer holds hand against inside leg joint (*left*) and, when necessary, pulls dog up by lead.



### Learning the down- and stand-stay

Your dog now knows how to sit and stay on command. Teaching him to stay when lying down or standing follows naturally. To make him lie down, begin in the sit position. On the command *down*, press on his shoulders with one hand as you motion him down with the other. Face him when you do this, so he knows you are not going to hurt him. If he remains sitting, repeat the command *down* as you pull his forelegs towards you. This will make him lie down. As soon as he does, give the command *stay*. Praise him immediately. To teach your dog to stay when standing, walk him on a loose lead, then stop and give the command *stand*, followed by *stay*. Prevent him from sitting by patting your hand against the joint of his hind leg as shown above. You may have to help him by looping the lead under his hind-quarters and pulling upward as you give the commands.



**BEGINNING EXERCISE.** Lois Melstrell puts the dog in a basic sit-stay position. Holding lead loosely, she walks away, then faces dog and bends slightly toward him.

## Learning to come when called

The most neglected training exercise is teaching your dog to come when you call him. The frustration of trying to get your dog's attention by shouting, whistling and rapping a spoon on his bowl can be avoided if you teach him the command *come* as soon as he completes his basic training. Put your dog in the sit-stay position. With a long lead held loosely in one hand, walk a few feet away and face him, bending slightly forward. If your dog is small, instead of bending forward, squat down so you are closer to his level. Any variation on a

training method which helps your dog to understand better what you expect of him makes the exercise more enjoyable. On the command *come*, jerk sharply on the lead. When he comes to you, stroke his head and praise him. Each time you run through the exercise, increase the distance you walk from the dog. Then, drop the lead and repeat. If he tries to follow you or starts to break before your command, instead of reprimanding him, say *come* immediately. With a minimum of correction, he will learn faster and associate fun with the exercise.



**FOLLOWING THROUGH.** trainer jerks lead on command *come* (above). As soon as the dog obeys command and comes to trainer, he should be rewarded with praise.

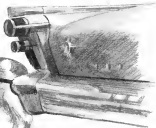
**LEATHER COLLAR** (left) is adequate for a thoroughly obedient dog at this stage of training.

CONTINUED

## NECESSARY DISCIPLINE



**PREVENTING CAR CHASING** by deliberately instilling fear of autos, trainer walks the dog on a lead close to a car, strikes fender, then dog with bamboo on command no.



**CORRECTING CAR CHASER** is dangerous training. Two collars and leads are essential to prevent dog's breaking free.



### Handling car chasers

Young puppies are inclined to chase anything that moves. As they grow older this tendency often turns to chasing cars. Your dog won't understand that a car means danger unless you teach him. If he has never chased a car, the best way to insure that he never will is to make him afraid of all cars. Fear, like praise, has a specific role in training. For this lesson you need a piece of split bamboo, which combines a loud, cracking noise with a harmless but stinging blow when you strike the dog. Holding lead firmly in one hand, walk your dog up to a car. When he is close to it, as shown above, strike first the fender of the car and then dog's chest with the bamboo. Make this a single motion from car to dog. At the same time say no and jerk sharply on the lead. If your dog is a confirmed car chaser, you can try this method, too; but you will probably find more severe measures are necessary. The method recommended here can be dangerous, so put two collars and two leads on your dog to prevent his breaking free. You will also need two assistants—one to drive a car and the other to sit in the back seat armed with several tin cans filled with pebbles. Take a firm grip on both leads close to the collars as shown left. When the car drives by, let your dog begin to chase it. Then, on the command no, jerk sharply on the leads. At the same time have your assistant throw one or more of the tin cans at the dog. You may have to repeat this lesson several times, but it is one your dog must learn. Until he does, no training measure is too severe when weighed against the injuries which sooner or later befall car chasers.



## Teaching good manners

The easiest way to insure good manners in your dog is to prevent his developing bad ones. Few dogs disobey deliberately; generally they don't know they are doing wrong, and won't know until you show them. When your dog first jumps on furniture or people, say no immediately. If he continues, walk him to the furniture and strike it and then the dog as you command no. When your dog jumps on you, rap him on the nose or head with three fingers as you reprimand him. With a big dog, on no bring your knee to his chest in one sharp blow. Don't be angry; remember that basically he wants to please you. When he does, praise him so he knows.

All puppies like to chew things, and some have expensive tastes. Give your pup something of his own to chew on. When he chooses something of yours instead, reprimand him. If he still refuses to give up the object, put your hand as shown below over his muzzle with forefinger and thumb just above his lip so they exert pressure on his canine teeth. This way he will not be able to bite you and will be forced to let you take the object from his mouth. Say *give* in a stern tone. It's not necessary to break a dog's spirit to make him behave. If you show him what you want of him, correct him as soon as he does wrong and reward him when he obeys you, all of his habits can be good ones.



**JUMPING ON FURNITURE** is corrected (above) by the method used to prevent ear chasing. When reprimand fails, trainer hits furniture, then dog with split bamboo on command *no*.



**TRAINING AID** of split bamboo (above) is useful in all discipline, combines a loud noise with a stinging but harmless blow. Basis of corrective training is developing in your dog an association between unpleasant experience and forbidden object.

**CHEWING YOUR THINGS** is common in young pups, rarely deliberate. If dog refuses to drop object on command *no*, put hand over muzzle so forefinger and thumb exert pressure on his canine teeth, enabling you to remove object from mouth.

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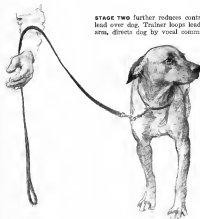
## ADVANCED FORMAL TRAINING



**STAGE ONE** in teaching your dog to heel off lead begins with lead passed behind trainer, held loosely in his right hand. Left hand is used for initial guidance.

### Learning to heel off lead

The most challenging test of your dog's obedience to your commands comes when you introduce him to walking without a lead. Work alone in an enclosed area so your dog won't be distracted or run away. Romp with him briefly; then, on lead, review his past lessons to make sure he knows them perfectly. With your dog in sit position, take the lead around your back and hold it in your right hand as shown at left. Give the command *heel*. Remember to walk briskly to keep his attention. Until now your dog has been used to being controlled by the lead so if he doesn't follow you the first few times, guide him by holding his collar. Next, hang the lead loosely over your left arm and repeat the exercise. At first your dog may not walk as close to you as you want, but right now obedience is more important than precision. The object is to make him heel with minimum guidance from the lead. When he does, praise him. Then reduce the lead control even more by draping it over your right shoulder. Repeat the exercise. Your dog should now be ready to walk off lead. Keep the detached lead in your hand. If he breaks, correct him immediately by slapping him on the rump. Always begin in the sit position, and make the command *heel* forceful. This new freedom may confuse your dog at first, so be patient and praise him liberally when he obeys. Once he learns this lesson, you will be proud to take him anywhere.



**STAGE TWO** further reduces control of the lead over dog. Trainer keeps lead over his arm, directs dog by vocal command only.



**STAGE THREE** simulates off-lead work as the trainer drapes the lead over his shoulder for minimum control. Obedience is more important here than precision.



**TEACHING TO BEG** begins in sit position. On the command beg, trainer lifts dog's foot and chin (left), then steadies dog until he regains balance.

## Some simple tricks

All dogs enjoy showing off. You can enjoy it too, by teaching yours a few tricks. To make him beg, begin in a sit position. On the command beg, raise him by the front legs so he sits up. With the other hand, lift his chin as shown at left and repeat command beg. If your dog has trouble keeping his balance at first, support his back against a wall. Once he is sitting up, praise him liberally. This is a good time to introduce a small tidbit as reward. To make him roll over, put him in a down position. Pull his far foreleg toward you with one hand as you push his shoulder away from you with the other. At the same time, command roll over. You can teach him to pray by having him sit in front of a chair. On the command pray, lift his forefeet up so they rest on the edge of the chair, and press his head down gently on his paws. Here, as in all training, you must associate one clear, concise command with the lesson you want your dog to learn. And he will enjoy learning new lessons if his reward is immediate and enthusiastic praise.



**TEACHING TO ROLL OVER** begins with down position. On command roll over, trainer pulls dog's far foreleg toward him, at same time pushes his shoulder away.



**TEACHING TO FETCH** is useful exercise which can be combined with breaking dog of chewing your things. Open dog's mouth as previously shown. On command fetch, put a rolled piece of paper between his teeth (above). Remove your hand and reward the dog with praise. Then cup your hand and hold it in front of him (left) as you command give. If he refuses, open his mouth until the paper drops into your hand, then reward. As soon as he understands what you want, hold the paper in front of him and command fetch. Repeat, moving the paper farther away. Now (see next page) you are ready to teach him to retrieve.



CONTINUED



**INTERMEDIATE STAGE** in retrieving is taught on lead. Trainer guides dog over a bench (*fetcherover*), then sends dog over bench alone on command *fetch*.

## Learning to retrieve on command

Once your dog becomes used to fetching a rolled paper, he can then learn to retrieve any object. You will appreciate this lesson when you drop something or want him to fetch your evening paper or slippers. Begin with the dog on lead for maximum control. At this stage you can substitute a glove or slipper for the rolled paper. With the dog in sit position, drop the object on the ground a few feet from him. Command *fetch*. Reinforce the command by pointing at the object if your dog seems confused. As soon as he picks it up, say *come*. When he returns to you, command *give*, then praise him so he knows you are pleased. Throw the object farther away from him each time. When he knows this stage thoroughly, turn a bench on its side as shown above and put the object on one side. Holding the lead loosely in your left hand, make the dog sit next to you on the other side of the bench. On the command *fetch*, walk briskly forward and over the bench. If the dog hesitates, direct him by pulling slightly on the lead. When he picks up the object, lead him back over the bench, command *sit*, then *give*. Next, send him over the bench alone. From here, it is just a matter of practice to teach him to jump higher barriers (*right*). And you needn't worry about his jumping the fence when you're away if he has learned to act only on your command. In fact, if you train your dog to obey and respect you at all times, you will never have to worry about him at all.

**END**



**FINAL STAGE** finds dog willing to jump high fences to retrieve any object on command. If your dog has learned obedience, he will only jump when ordered.



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## On and off the fairways

**The journalistic efforts of  
Player, Magee et al.—  
a report on the touring prose**

THE ever-present bogeyman for members of the traveling golf brigade in the weekly expense of \$150-\$200. The players therefore keep a constant and sharp eye out for fresh sources of income to augment their winnings. One literate group of half a dozen or so pros, who feel that if the pen is not mightier than the pitching wedge it can at least turn a neat dollar or two, has established arrangements whereby they are employed as traveling golf correspondents for various home-town newspapers or magazines. This golfer-writer fraternity consists of quiet, amiable Al Balding (*Toronto Globe and Mail*); Jerry Magee (*Toronto Telegram*); Australia's highly intelligent, articulate Peter Thomson (*Melbourne Herald group*); Bruce Crampton (*Sydney Daily Telegraph*); South Africa's Gary Player (*Johannesburg Star*); and Louisiana's Johnny Pott (*Southern Golfer*), the only embryonic Faulkner among the American pros.

Player has been filing some 250 words to the *Star* after every round he plays. Prior to the National Open the 22-year-old South African had suffered a worrisome back injury, but he cabled quiet reassurance to his readers:

*Fortunately, my back has healed after a lot of treatment and trouble which prevented me from having more than one practice.*

Then he continued with his typical restraint:

*This course appears so difficult that I will be quite happy if I do 500 or better, and I think 288 could win the title. . . . If there is even a slight breeze scores are likely to be bad. . . . On a course like this in the Commonwealth, I would hardly expect to see 500 broken for the tournament.*

With the Open over, he was candid and confiding:

*Finishing second in the American Open has given me possibly the greatest thrill of my life. It is amazing to think that four shots prevented me from becoming a really wealthy man, but I am young and must have patience.*

The suave, curly-haired Australian Bruce Crampton, while conversationally charming, would be well-advised not to fling away his clubs in

informative, well-written column that appears in the *Toronto Telegram* once a week under the heading, "Magee on Golf." Jerry is a freshman on the tour and emphasizes the problems a rookie must face. For example, just after the Derby Open in Louisville last April he wrote:

*The weather was very warm and this dried out the greens considerably. Most of the young played a punch shot to the greens, which means the ball lands well*



IN THE PRESS TENT GARY PLAYER BELTS OUT FINAL OPEN DISPATCH IN LONGHAND

any sudden decision to make his fortune at the typewriter. Crampton's style features brief, staccato bursts of prose, but his paper, the *Daily Telegraph*, goes in for hard, colorless copy, and Bruce's dispatches may lose something in the editing. Here's a sample from one of his National Open previews:

*I am lucky to be the only Australian in the American Open golf championship which starts on Thursday. . . .*

*It's tough to get into the U.S. Open.*

*I made it and am thrilled to be Australia's only representative. . . .*

*The entry is so large that qualifying rounds are played on 20 courses in different parts of America. . . .*

*They really go in for golf in America.*

Jerry Magee, the handsome young Canadian who went to the semifinals of the 1956 U.S. Amateur, sends an

*in front and bounces forward to the green. A certain amount of luck is needed on this type of shot, and for this reason many excellent players shot high scores.*

*Gary Player played very well in winning his first American tournament. His style of play was well suited to the course. It seems most of the foreign players use the pitch and run shot more than we do and this accounts for their great ability to control it. . . .*

*The pitch and run shot is used more each week and, after watching good golf shots bounce over the green with a regular flight to the ball, you soon realize the meaning of that old adage: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em!"*

Magee has regularly displayed a quality that separates a real writer from the boys: philosophical even after his bad tournaments, he never blames his caddy, the greenkeeper or the St. Lawrence Seaway. **END**

## Payment deferred

**Differences remain unsettled in two divisions, sometimes for very honorable reasons**

IT IS LIKELY that Gallant Man, Bold Ruler and Round Table—so well named, for they respectively personify the qualities of courage, aristocracy and solidity—constitute the most brilliant trio of handicap racers we have had in the same season for nearly 30 years. But although we can count our blessings, we are given scant opportunity of enjoying them to the full. The tradition of sportsmanship in U.S. racing sometimes seems to be fighting a losing battle with the growing commercialization of the sport, and one of the phoniest concepts currently gaining ground is the theory that the richest horse is automatically the best.

In their obedience to these false gods, owners of the best horses ship their property across the length and breadth of the land in search, not of other top horses, but of rich purses which can be picked up against mediocre opposition.

At Belmont, in the Suburban, Bold Ruler beat Clem by the shortest of noses while conceding 25 pounds; last weekend Round Table just failed to give 21 pounds to Bernburgoo in Chicago; and on the same day Gallant Man, having been blown from New York to California on a trip which will set his stable back \$15,000, gave Eddie Schmidt 20 pounds and a half-length beating in the \$162,100 Hollywood Gold Cup. All of these were enjoyable races, but how much finer would have been a race between the three of them. They may meet just once this year—possibly in the Woodward at Belmont in the fall—but that is no way to decide supremacy; this ought to be settled over a series of races in a year, over different distances and with varying weights.

To do Jim Fitzsimmons justice, he is not afraid to pit Bold Ruler against anything. He says, simply: "We are a New York stable, and we race in New York. When our horse is ready we'll run with any weight."

Gallant Man, possibly the best of the trio, skipped the Suburban for the Hollywood Park race. Explanation? Trainer Johnny Nerud is quite frank: "I used to think as much about the prestige races as anybody in this country. But look what they did for us last year: Gallant Man won the Belmont at a mile and a half, the Travers at a mile and a quarter, the Jockey Club Gold Cup at two miles. Brother, those are the races that for years and years owners and breeders dream of winning. Then, because we lost one race late in the season to Bold Ruler, we lose the 'championship.' So now I've changed my tune. I say to hell with the prestige races, and let's win a little money for a change."

As for Round Table, his owner is single-mindedly intent on looking for more money with his horse than ever gushed from his Oklahoma oil wells. Travis Keer told me, "Our one aim is to surpass Nashua's money-winning mark, and to do that we'll go wherever the weights treat us best."

While the handicap championship is still undetermined because the top three horses are avoiding each other with shocking regularity, the leadership of the 3-year-old filly division (writes William Leggett) seemed like it would be settled in the best possible way when Idun and A Glitter met head on at Delaware Park last week. Although some may say that the Delaware Oaks proved nothing because Brookmeade Stable's Big Effort—a long shot—won it, they are wrong. The Oaks proved one thing conclusively: man is mightier than malted milk.

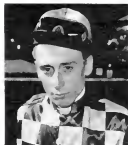
Not only did it mark the second time in a lifetime of 13 races that Mrs. C. Urbick Bay's Idun felt the

sting of defeat, it also nudged Jockey Pete Anderson into the winner's circle for the eighth straight week in a stakes race and gave him the right to the title of Upset Rider of 1958.

Anderson, the incredibly bow-legged 27-year-old jockey known as Parenthesis Pete, has now managed to beat both Tim Tam and Idun while winning \$265,725 in purses in the last two months.

Trainer Elliott Burch and Anderson anticipated an early pace so they decided to keep Big Effort back until the stretch run. Their strategy worked perfectly.

Because of his weight problem, Anderson has seldom attracted good horses. He became a top apprentice rider in 1948, but by 1950 his love



ANDERSON: NO FEUD AND NO MALTED

for malted milks and ice cream sodas drove him into oblivion. His weight went from 109 "to way up over 120," and he wasn't even included in the jockey standings for that year. He settled down in a sweat box, ran hard and dieted and gradually brought his weight back to 109. "I'll tell you what it was like in those years," he says, "I was eating feathers. This year, with my weight down, I'm eating the chicken."

While the Oaks was billed as a grudge race between Willie Hartack, who left Calumet because he wasn't allowed to ride Tim Tam in the Belmont, and Ismael Valenzuela, who was, it never developed as such; nor is the grudge rooted in much except publicity.

Now we don't know which among Idun, A Glitter or Big Effort is the best 3-year-old filly. Perhaps the answer will come in the \$110,000 Delaware Handicap on July 26. And Anderson plans to be there. **END**

# Two minds about the All-Stars

**Fans rooted for their own American League, but heartily damned those Yankees**

THE more profound wits among the baseball writers covering the All-Star Game in Baltimore last week pounced like greedy children upon the phrase "most forgettable of All-Star Games" to describe to their readers back home the general tone of this 25th midyear congress of baseball's best players.

The mot follows a popular and often successful baseball writing technique known as the reverse cliché

("overconfidence may yet cost the Dodgers sixth place" is a revered example; and "though Jones can't hit, he's a poor fielder"), but in this case the cliché is not only reversed, it is inaccurate. The Lord knows, this year's All-Star Game was not one of the great moments in time, but it was a good deal more than a dreary, trying bore. And for the nearly 50,000 people in the stands, most of whom were Baltimoreans, it was a wonderful show, complete with a small vial of despair and a great beaker of happy ending.

The despair — Baltimore's — came when Casey Stengel, managing the American League, called Baltimore's

pride, Gus Triandos, back to the bench in the sixth inning and sent up to the plate in his place the New York Yankees' (and Stengel's) Yogi Berra.

Now, Baltimore does not like the New York Yankees, not any time, not even a little bit, and when a New York Yankee displaces from the All-Star Game in Baltimore Baltimore's only All-Star starter, the dislike burgeons rapidly into utter loathing. Great, pulsating boos rolled down from the grandstand, inundating Stengel to his hips and Berra to the button on his cap. Baltimore was insulted. Baltimore was furious. But when Berra swung on the very first pitch and lifted the sickest little pop fly you ever saw to third base, Baltimore was absolutely delighted. Even though the crowd was rooting for the American League and though the score was tied and a man was on base, an exultant, whooping cheer went up.

Any guilty consciences in the crowd growing out of this traitorous rooting against the league were eased when the Americans scored in the inning anyway to go ahead to stay. It was sort of funny, the voice of the crowd when the winning run scored, because the base hit that sent it across the plate was tapped by yet another Yankee, Gil McDougald. The boos and cheers were so perfectly blended that it seemed each fan must have boomed with his lungs as he applauded with his hands.

And then, of course, Stengel, the stage manager supreme, brought in Baltimore's Billy O'Dell to pitch to the National League in the next inning, entrusting the slender left-hander with the responsibility of protecting a one-run lead. This might have been a political gesture by Casey, who though immune to booing usually has a sharp eye for the dramatic situation, or it might have been practical, since the National Leagueans had cleverly arranged to

## CAMPY BATTLES ON

Late last May, four months after the automobile accident that crippled him, Roy Campanella was transferred from Glen Cove (L.I.) Hospital near his home to the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center in Manhattan. There, as Lark reports in an exclusive picture story this week, Campy is undergoing a rehabilitation program designed to restore him to a useful life.

At Bellevue, adjusting rods, neck braces and suspension frames have replaced the balls, bats and gloves of Roy Campanella's former world. He has been counseled, tested and nursed by a variety of medical men; therapists, psychologists, self-help teachers and social workers have all spent long hours with him. It is hard, slow work, but Campy appears equal to it. Twice a day, for instance, he exercises on pulleys and weights to strengthen his shoulders and arms. Doctors have lauded his determination.

Campy's interest in baseball is as keen as ever. He watches the Dodgers whenever they appear on television and roots in such a loud voice that nurses have been known to close the door to his room.

It would be miraculous if Roy Campanella were ever to walk again, but it is clear that he will never stop trying.





have their bench all but devoid of right-handed pinch hitters. Whatever his reasons, Stengel's move to O'Dell brought bliss to Maryland and provided the happy ending to which all felt entitled.

Billy, a lean-jawed, crew-cut Southerner with a humorous face and a quick mind, pitched impeccably, putting down nine men in succession, including Stan Musial, who has the highest batting average in the major leagues, and the National League's leading right-handed home-run hitters: Frank Thomas, Ernie Banks, Lee Walls, Willie Mays and Henry Aaron. A fly ball into the seats by any one of these and the game was tied; but none got the ball out of the infield. Afterward O'Dell was named the outstanding individual performer and was given a huge plaque, the first such award ever made for an All-Star Game.

#### COMIC ARTS

Beyond Berra, O'Dell and Baltimore's triumph, there were other memorable things. Some were slightly comic, the antics in left field for instance. Bob Cerv made three spectacular catches, but none could be described as good; Ted Williams misjudged a line drive, then made a wild leap and caught it; Bob Skinner, who fields ground balls like a man trying to pick up quicksilver, watched politely while Willie Mays ran from a point near Wilmington, Delaware, to pick a fly ball off Skinner's eyebrows. On the other hand, there were at least three fielding plays that were superb: Frank Malone charged a topped grounder down the third base line and in one fluid motion picked the ball up and threw back to second base for a force play. Willie Mays sprang into left center field to cut off a powerfully hit drive by Mickey Mantle and threw the ball back into the infield in time to hold the speeding Mantle to a single. Gil McDougald threw out Mays, who's pretty fast himself, from deep in the hole at shortstop, and did it so easily that it seemed routine. ("McDougald is a frustrating ball player," said Shortstop Rocky Bridges, Washington's lone representative on the American League team. "At least, he frustrates me. He makes plays like that look so simple.")

Two National Leaguers lived up to their special advanced billing. One was Willie Mays, who scored



**LOCAL HERO** Billy O'Dell put down nine National Leaguers in quick succession.

two of his team's three runs and created the second of these with his spectacular base running.

The other was Dick Farrell, surely the least publicized good player in the game today. No one quite seems to have heard of him, yet he had the third lowest earned run average in the National League last season and a 10-2 won-and-lost record, all in relief. This year, to midseason, he had a 6-2 record and the best earned run average in the majors. He was sent into the game a little late, it seemed, since the American Leaguers had already picked up nine hits and the four runs they needed to win. He walked Mantle, the first man to face him in the two innings he pitched, but then swept through the remaining six batters in order. Of these six, four struck out, including Williams.

A few things might have been done differently. Stengel missed a dramatic opportunity in the fifth inning when the American League had the bases loaded with one out, the score tied, and Bill Skowron at bat against Bob Friend. Rightly, Ted Williams should have been sent in to pinch hit for Skowron, who hit into a double play to end the inning. This is not to say that Ted would necessarily have done any better than Skowron, since Williams, too, is human and hits into an occasional double play, but the moment demanded him: the great hitter at the plate in the time of crisis. No matter what Williams would have done, the excitement of watching him bat in that situation was something the crowd deserved, and it's too bad Casey didn't send him up. **END**



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## THE POWER OF THE PIRATES

If it's power that you like, and in baseball you can't help liking it, Frank Thomas has it. For five years this all-star third baseman has been a bright light in the cellar-shrouded darkness of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

This year the Pirates are still in a tight pennant race. Thomas is a league leader in home runs and runs batted in, and the two facts are related. Next week he's on the cover of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and the subject of an article by Roy Terrell.

In the July 28 issue of  
**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**  
On newsstands July 24

## 'A tiger on the trail'

**The tiger is Pete Rademacher,  
the trail is Zora Folley's,  
but the tiger may be toothless**

HE WILL box his ears off," saith the bookmaker. He is Zora Folley, who almost came to blows with Eddie Machen in San Francisco last April. The ears are Pete Rademacher's, and their mettle will be tested in Los Angeles July 25 (on Friday night TV) when Rademacher (him and his 9 and I record) boxes Folley for 10 rounds, or less. An antiquated phrase for the bookmaker—who wears low-cuts with shanting panels and white-on-white haberdashery—to turn, but Folley is a sedate, old-fashioned fellow who has the lordotic carriage of the 19th century prizefighter, if not the knickers and the sash, and looks more like he's shooting the sun than about to knock a block off. Folley fights like a proper Englishman, too. And how do proper Englishmen fight? "All the time the jab and the blockeroo," the bookmaker once said. "But in the end, flat like a *loke*." "Jab, grab and apologize," Rademacher has said. Folley's end has never been like a *loke* but his non-aggression pact is rigorously enforced. "He has a bit of the dog in him," Cus D'Amato once observed. "I expect," says Rademacher on Folley, "to fight a fighter who does not like to fight."

"I love to fight," Rademacher says. "I just love boxing and the tougher it gets, the better I like it." Listening to that talk, Jack Hurley would shake his lean head and mutter, "A blithering amateur!" Yet Pete has made his way, inspired if blithering, up from the amateurs where he fought like a subway guard stuffing an uptown express. He was nimble, though, when he boxed Floyd Patterson and he had a jab to behold—until he started to bounce. He has always been resourceful; the films

show how Pete got his second-round knockdown. He jabbed Patterson and kept the glove over Floyd's eyes so they could not see the right, crossing.

Says Rademacher: "This time I am training for a fight. Last time I was training for a promotion."

One of Pete's sparring partners is a specimen name of Sam Jones who likes to croon to himself. What does Sam think of Rademacher? "Well, I'll tell you," told Sam, reluctantly. "Pete's pretty sharp, I think. He



RADEMACHER: "... I JUST LOVE BOXING"

makes some good moves—pretty good counterpuncher, especially in the right hand. I figure that Zora got a tiger on his trail in this fight."

This fight is the third between Rademacher and Folley; they boxed twice in the amateurs. "I won the first one," Folley recalls. "He took the second one. That was a long time ago, though, and both of us have changed so much and learned so much since then. . . ." Pete disagrees: "The man hasn't changed at all. All he has done is learn how to pace himself to fight 10 rounds."

But has Rademacher learned and can he stop bouncing? Says Folley's co-manager, Bill Swift: "I say we're out for an early KO but I'm not saying

we're going to wade in throwing wild punches. We don't fight that way."

Heavensno! But Folley has knocked them down, and despite his timorous disposition he has a first-rate jab and counterpunches smartly. It is hard to see how Pete won't get his ears boxed off for making the fight.

Said Kenny Lane on Poydras Street outside of Curley's New Orleans gym: "I don't think Brown can go those last five rounds without getting hit. He's getting up in age [Brown is 33] and I think if I hit him he's gone."

Old Joe Brown, regrettably, feels he was gone before he came. Lane, who disputes Joe's lightweight championship on July 23 (Wednesday night *Fights*), is just an *arriviste*. Most left-handers don't like to fight inside; they jab their way into a clinch and then hang on. Not Lane, he likes to fight inside and that's where Joe don't like to be fought. Says Lane's co-manager Pete Petrofsky: "Kenny won't let Brown set him up the way he did with the others. If you don't let him set you up, he won't hurt you." He will if you do; he has knocked out all his challengers. "You don't beat Joe Brown by backing up," says Lane.

Brown has fought five lefties and beaten five, which once prompted Lane to inquire, "Who were they? I never heard of them." This angered Brown's blood. "I don't think Lane would make a good champion," he said, truculently. "He doesn't have the class. I'm going to save the lightweight division from him."

Brown is training zealously for his crusade. He now weighs 139, but Trainer Bill Gore wants to put pounds on him. "Joe is liable to lose weight so fast," he says, "he could fall through his drawers and strangle himself."

Brown also has a lean frame of mind. "Him?" Gore snorts. "He thinks he's unbeatable. The way he stalks a fighter, he looks like a savage in the jungle carrying some spear." Says Brown: "It's always been my theory that anybody I can hit I can put out. I can hit Lane."

The price is 2 to 13 Brown and the short end looks good to short-end bettors. A consideration is that the fight is in Houston, which is the sphere of influence of Lou Viscusi, Brown's manager. Another consideration is that Lane's other manager is Jack (Doc) Kearns, a man aware of contingencies. It is felt that the considerations cancel each other out, like paired senators.

END

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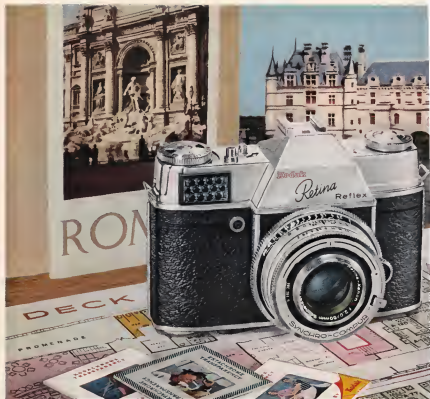
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# Gabriel of the Show Ring

THE COLORFUL gentleman on the opposite page, Clarence L. Craven, has sometimes been mistaken, beaver hat and all, for a lion tamer. Actually, he is dressed and ready to perform his duties in one of the most esoteric professions in sport: that of ringmastering horse shows. Known throughout the horse-show world by his childhood nickname Honey, this red-coated man with the horn is the final arbiter of behavior in the ring, a man who must not only have a thorough knowledge of tack, harness, protocol and dress but also a quick eye to make sure the judges' cards tally and are signed—in short, a man of talents as carefully particularized as his dress, which is a personal embellishment on the guardsman's coat of old English tradition.

Honey Craven, who started his horse-show career as a professional jumping-horse rider, got into ringmastering by accident—30 years ago he was drafted as assistant to a ringmaster, but had to take over when the boss turned up drunk. Since then, he has perfected himself to the point where he is now the model to whom all ringmasters, be they aspirants or practicing, inevitably turn. He travels all across the country to officiate at some 30 shows yearly (such as the event at Dayton, Ohio, next week), refusing a couple of dozen more for lack of time—he still has to tend his regular job of selling harness in Boston. But at home or on the road, he spends an hour a day practicing on the gleaming symbol of his profession, the slender, four-foot coach horn on which he blows the ancient call that sets the modern show in motion.

Photograph by Hy Perdue

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## Putting a big bang in the game

**Canasta has gone wild—a state of affairs which the author approves but tries to regulate**

ACCORDING to the latest survey, canasta remains the card game played by most people in the U.S. But canasta is no longer just one game. In fact, the jazzed-up joker-canasta versions—for which, until now, there have been only unwritten laws—are more widely played than the original.

It was at the celebrated Regency Club in New York City that this South American importation got its earliest official recognition in the U.S. back in 1948, so the original game got to be known as Regency canasta.

Ralph Michaels, with whom I wrote my first canasta book, brought the game back with him from Uruguay and the Argentine. Ottile Reilly, of the Regency, did much of the

But it seems that no sooner had the South American creators of the game agreed to these joint laws than they revolted against them in order to try the much more exciting innovations now being played everywhere—except among those conservatives to whom only the officially blessed is acceptable.

In any game, it is entirely fitting that the players themselves should make the rules. However, the code, whatever provisions it may include, ought to aim for general recognition and uniformity. To help clear up the welter of confusing table regulations that vary from game to game, here is my own proposal for an official version of joker canasta as it is being played today.

Most card players are familiar with the basic game of canasta, so I am going to explain the newer and more exciting version by pointing out how joker canasta differs from Regency. For comparison, a tabulation of the more important rules of each game is presented on the opposite page.

To begin with, let me state several of the basic new rules: 13 cards instead of 11 are dealt to each player; the pack is always frozen, and you can take it only with a pair that matches the top discard; even with a matching pair, you cannot take the pack if you have a meld of five or six cards of that same rank already on the board. The reason for this last provision is that no canasta may contain more than seven cards, and you can't start a second meld in the same rank until you have completed a canasta in it.

Because of high scoring bonuses, the joker game is played for 8,500

points. And because wild cards may be melded by themselves, the initial meld requirements have been shrewdly increased to 95, 125 and 155 so that they cannot be met with a meld of just three wild cards as would be possible if they were 90 (2-2-joker), 120

### INITIAL MELTS ARE INCREASED



NEW REQUIREMENTS: 95, 125 and 155. The above melds are not quite enough.

(2-joker-joker) or 150 (three big joes).

With one exception, wild cards may never be thrown into the discard pack. The exception occurs when a player has only wild cards in his hand, for then this rule collides with the unalterable requirement that a player must discard at every turn unless he is able to meld out.

Black 3s are bonus cards and are treated exactly like red 3s. Acquiring all four 3s of the same color counts 1,000. This is not an unmixed blessing: if the opponents go out before your side has completed a canasta, all your melds on the board as well as all the cards in your hand are charged against you. When you have completed a single canasta, your melds are safe and you may score them. Before you can go out, however, you must complete two canastas.

continued

### WILD CARD MELTS ARE LEGAL



missionary work that helped to spread canasta around this country. Another Regency member, Walter L. Richard, co-chairman of the National Laws Commission on which I also served, did most of the liaison work with this commission's South American counterpart, resulting in a single set of laws to which both continents subscribed.



## A COMPARISON OF REGENCY AND JOKER CANASTA

REGENCY		JOKER	
<b>CARDS</b>	Two decks of 52 cards, plus four jokers	The same	
<b>DEAL</b>	11 cards to each player	13 cards to each player	
<b>DRAW</b>	Top card of stock, or take the entire pack (discard pile) with a natural pair to match the last discard when pack is frozen; if the pack is not frozen, it may be taken if the last discard is matched by a meld your side already has on the board, or by a single natural card and a wild card from your hand.	The pack is always frozen and may be taken only with a matching natural pair. (Even with such a pair, it may not be taken if your side already has on the board an incomplete canasta of five or six cards in the same rank as the upward.)	
<b>HELDS</b>	Any three or more natural cards of the same rank; or two or more natural cards of a rank with from one to three wild cards. No meld can be originated that does not include a natural pair. (Natural cards are those ranking from the 4 to the ace, high.)	The same, except that three or more wild cards may be melded independently, without any natural card. For this meld, all wild cards (joker or deuce) are considered to be the same rank.	
<b>MINIMUM INITIAL MELD</b>	When your score is: <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div>                     minus                      0 to 1,495                      1,500 to 2,995                      3,000 or more                 </div> <div>                     your side's first meld must total at least:                      15                      50                      90                      120                 </div> </div>	When your score is:	your side's first meld must total at least:
		2,995 or less	95
		3,000 to 4,995	125
		5,000 or more	155
<b>GAME SCORE</b>	5,900 points	8,500 points	
<b>CANASTAS NEEDED TO GO OUT</b>	One	Two. (And all melds and bonuses count minus against side failing to complete one.)	
<b>TRAYS</b>	Red: Bonus cards, scoring 100 for each of the first three, all four melded by same side count 850. Black: A stop card; when discarded, next player may not take pack on that turn. Three or more may be melded on turn when a player goes out. Red trays count minus against a side that fails to make an initial meld.	Both red and black trays are bonus cards, freed as soon as drawn and a new card taken in replacement. Neither may be discarded. Bonus value of trays for each side: First of each color: 100 Second and third, each: 200 Fourth of same color: 500 (All four of same color held by same side, score a total of 1,000.)	
<b>WILD CARDS</b>	Jokers and deuces are wild cards. They may be used to represent any natural card, but retain their own scoring value: Joker, 50; deuce, 20. Wild cards may be melded only in combination with natural cards. A legal meld must include at least two natural cards; not more than three wild cards. A discard pile containing a wild card is frozen; i.e., it may be taken only with a natural pair. When the upward is a wild card, the next player may not take the pack, even with a matching pair.	Wild cards may be melded independently. For wild card melds, joker and deuce are considered to be of the same rank, but canastas including only deuces, or including all four jokers receive special bonuses. Of course, wild cards may also be used in combination with natural cards. A wild card may never be discarded, except by a player whose hand includes nothing but wild cards.	
<b>CANASTAS</b>	A canasta is a meld of seven or more cards of the same rank, including at least four natural cards and not more than three wild cards. A side may add natural or wild cards to its completed canastas, as long as no canasta includes more than three wild cards. A side may not have more than one meld in the same rank.	A canasta may never contain more than seven cards. A side may have two melds in the same rank, but may not begin its second meld in that rank until its first canasta in the rank has been completed.	
<b>CANASTA BONUS</b>	In addition to the point value of the cards it contains, a completed canasta earns a bonus, as follows: Mixed canasta (one or more wild cards) 300 Natural canasta (no wild card) 500	In addition to bonuses for mixed and natural canasta, there are bonuses for wild-card canastas: Wild card canasta 2,000 ... including four jokers 3,000 ... including seven deuces 4,000	

But the big bang and the big score is the wild-card canasta! It is worth 4,000 points if it is a pure seven deuces, 3,000 if it includes all four big jokers; a "mere" 2,000 for any other combination of seven wild cards. The very idea of a joker canasta is anathema to orthodox Regency devotees—until they try the new game and succumb to its new thrills of risk and of accomplishment.

You may start a wild-card canasta at any time, even if you've already used one or more wild cards toward a mixed canasta. But once you've started toward a wild-card canasta, you can't abandon it and use your remaining wild cards elsewhere, even if the opponents' melds demonstrate that there aren't enough jokers left in the deck to complete your canasta.

So, before you start melding toward a wild-card canasta, it is well

**NO MELD MAY HAVE MORE THAN SEVEN CARDS**



**NATURAL PAIR** can't take pack if you have five or six cards of like rank on table.

to know how many partner has. For this purpose, you may use signals.

**DISCARD SIGNALS**

There are various signaling methods. These are a matter of system rather than law. You don't have to signal at all if you prefer not to, but the simple method I prefer is this:

If you are dealt three or more wild

**WILD CARD CANASTAS SCORE BIG**



cards, discard a 10 or higher at your first turn. Partner must respond at his next turn thus:

With one or none, he discards a 7 or lower.

With two, he discards an 8 or 9.

With three or more, he puts them down immediately if he can make the minimum meld. If he is unable to make the count for the minimum, he discards a 10 or higher card.

Signals are intended to insure that you try for a wild-card canasta only when you hold six or more in your combined hands. Of course, there is no way to signal later in the play. If you acquire a good crop of wild cards later on, you must make your own decision as to whether to risk trying for the jackpot without the benefit of knowing what your partner holds. This rarely is advisable with fewer than five, unless there are strong indications that the opponents are suffering from a shortage. (For example, if you are far ahead and they aren't trying to close canastas and go out, there's a good likelihood that they haven't the wild-card wherewithal.) The state of the score, your safety because of a canasta already completed by your side, and the time the deal is still apt to run are factors that influence your decision.

**ALTERNATIVES**

There are many variations of joker canasta and many local-option fillips have been added in individual games.

**JOKER CANASTA VARIATIONS**

However, if you start a canasta of 7s and fail to complete it you must pay a penalty of 1,500; if you have more than three 7s in your hand when the game ends, you are penalized 500.

**CONVERSION:** There are some games in which by agreement one may convert a meld of three wild cards into a

I am listing a few, such as the canasta of aces and 7s. By all means, play them if you like. Some players believe that they add to the excitement; certainly they add to the score. The canasta of 7s, for example, with its high bonus and high penalties, drastically alters the strategy of the entire game. But you will find that both the excitement and the score mount high enough and rapidly enough under the rules I have suggested.

One variant, however, I strongly recommend. I have always felt that, as a two-hand game, canasta left much to be desired. The new wrinkle—playing two-hand canasta by dealing out four hands—gets a long

**THE PACK IS ALWAYS FROZEN**



**YOU CAN NOT TAKE** it with wild card and single natural card; you need a pair.

way to make it a game for two that is really exciting and calls for the exercise of considerable strategy. Try it. It goes like this:

**A NEW TWO-HANDED CANASTA**

Opponents sit opposite each other. Four hands are dealt around the table. The extra hands remain face down. Each plays only from his own hand until he has made the initial meld, then he may pick up the face-down hand at his right and add its cards to his own. (There is no separate draw or discard by the face-down hands, of course.)

Either Regency or joker canasta may be played in this fashion; the rules are otherwise the same as those of the four-hand game.

**CANASTA OF ACES:** A natural canasta of aces pays a bonus of 1,000. In some games, one is not permitted to make a mixed canasta of aces; in others conversion to a mixed canasta is considered quite proper.

**CANASTA OF 7s:** Completing a natural canasta of 7s pays a bonus of 2,000.

mixed canasta by the addition of natural cards. There may be only three wild cards in the meld, and the four natural cards to complete the canasta must be added at one turn.

There are as many variants as there are in wild poker games. Most are played on a ground rule basis. **END**

## BROSAN'S DIARY

continued from page 15

George Washington Hotel. The room was adequate, if not air-conditioned. Hadn't I heard that air-conditioning was a necessity of life in St. Louis? ... Still, I slept.

MAY 29

An off day for us halplayers. We don't get many. My plans included two fine movies... three hours of the day taken care of... and inquiries about accommodations for the family. They would be coming in by next week. The question was: Should I blow a lot of money for a first-class vacation or should I get just enough room to be comfortable, and damn the inconveniences! After all, it was just a matter of two weeks.

Anne liked the swimming pool adjacent at the Forest Park. Why not live it up? The expense was high but I couldn't argue that I couldn't afford it, so the issue really was settled by her expressed preference.

MAY 30

San Francisco had beaten me twice already, so I was aware of their power. But we scored six in the first two innings and my job was made easier.

The half-facetious conclusion of a teammate after an 8-1 win was that I was marvelous, and my status as a Cardinal was practically assured.

Five of us ate together—[can't make out this part. A.B.]

Success activates popularity among the group. If any ballplayer achieves 90% success he will normally achieve 90% acceptance as a friend of all on the team.

I hit the sack at 1 a.m. but didn't sleep till 4 a.m. ... So it goes. What pitcher ever relaxes to normal sleep after he pitches that day.

JUNE 1

The Man rested today. He wasn't hitting anyway, and his replacement was, so why not confound the fans by benching him! Besides, a left-hander was throwing and a theory persists that left-handed hitters can't hit left-handed pitching! Ridiculous, as it obviously is; just search the records. Still, a change in habit often shakes the reactions of a veteran athlete.

JUNE 2

The few days off in a married player's life are spent doing what the family wants to do. Mine was driving down to spend the 13 days of the homestead in St. Louis. While I had reservations at several places, I knew I'd decide to stay at the best one,

the hotel with the swimming pool and the ridiculously high rental. But what the hell, you only go this way once. We looked the others over and then prayed for blue skies so we could enjoy swimming in the sun.

JUNE 4

Certain ball clubs give certain pitchers a rough time. I have trouble with Pittsburgh and especially their big man. Frank Thomas hits me like he owns me. I know he's not that good a hitter, but he must wish for nine guys like me to throw to him. Even when I try to knock him down he gets a double.

Fortunately, we had five runs before Thomas managed to do too much damage. After he'd hit a two-run homer to make it 5-3 (he already had a line drive single, a triple, and a foul home run) Hutch must have noticed me talking to myself.

He used a hitter for me with the bases loaded (and the way I'm hitting, that's a good move any time). The game was saved, so I have a win over the Pirates, but what am I going to do with Thomas?

Either I have to have a long talk with myself, or plan some verbal attack on big Frank. Maybe I can con him into popping up once a game. Musial says I don't change speeds on him enough; but I had him set up for one tonight, made a good pitch, and he hit it into the upper deck foul, but impressive. Somehow he seems to sense exactly what I'm going to throw him.

JUNE 6

Of what importance is a good manager? He affects less than 40% of a season's schedule... at least 100 games are won or lost entirely on performance alone. Front-office management and circumstances restrict his choice of performers. What manner of man makes the best decisions, whenever they must be made?

These are managerial types I've seen: The Father Image. He has "his boys" hustling; they're "young," "improving" and should "mature" into winners. Unfortunately, every player doesn't need a father, so that this manager tends to end up with a few "bobos" and quite a bit of dissension. Still, he represents the most successful type of modern manager. Perhaps he becomes the symbol of what the players fight for as a team. The incentive to do good on the field is basically the selfish desire to make more money. The abstract "team effort" comes into being represented,

if psychologically acceptable to the player, by the team manager. ... Win this game or I'll tan your hide, boys! ... This inference coming from a determinedly paternal directive.

JUNE 8

The average fan not only seldom thinks of baseball as anything more than good, wholesome recreation, but he associates the life of a ballplayer with that of "Riley." Whatever "Riley" did for a living, it couldn't have been playing baseball! The days off are infrequent, and the double-headers in St. Louis on a humid Sunday have turned many a player into a limp hank of hair with bones attached.

The physical exhaustion seems to lessen when actually under tension and on the mound. But sitting on the bench between innings, the tiredness is compounded. Unfortunately, I sit there thinking, "Only three outs to do" instead of "How am I going to pitch to the next man." Worrying about your last mistake seems to bring on a rash of them, too.

The sympathies of teammates and friends just aggravate the depression. ... "All right, big man, you pitched a hell of a game." ... Bird seed! ... Even if I made a hundred good pitches I did not win and I did make a couple of bad pitches. ... I know it (and they usually do, too), so please omit the flowers... the corpse can't smell a thing for his own mental B.O.

My zombie-like attitude usually ruins the happy domestic scene when I get home. I wonder then if my wife wouldn't be happier to have me selling shoes, or driving a cab for a living. The thrill of winning is easily shared, but the frustrations of not winning could be assuaged only by the most competent of psychiatrists. The complaint "I don't understand you when you're like this" is a reasonable one, I guess, when I think about it.

Naturally, I won't sleep tonight. I don't lose any sleep before I pitch, but the night after I work is always a long one. ... What's more, since my muscles don't relax uniformly I'm a dangerous man in bed that night, with arms and legs jerking and flying. The next morning it looks like a ball game was played right there on the bed... a straitjacket is needed to protect my wife when I subconsciously decide to "really break off a good curve ball" and my arm suddenly comes flying around.

END

# CLIMBING BY THE BOOK

**Two armchair adventurers, one of them a grandson of a great President and now a Tufts College philosophy professor, the other a Boston lawyer, decide to see if mountaineering learned in the library would get them to the summit of North America's highest peak, Mount McKinley**

by WOODROW WILSON SAYRE  
with photographs by NORMAN HANSEN

**B**OOK LEARNING, I have always believed, can make up for a lot of experience. The only question is—how much? Enough, for instance, to enable a man who had never even held an ice ax in his hand to climb Mount McKinley, the highest peak in North America?

I had a hunch that books could do it—and I wanted a crack at Mount McKinley. Norm Hansen, a good Boston friend of mine, had seen the mountain in Alaska a year or so before, and he got excited about it, talked a lot about it and got me excited too. We had been armchair critics of all the big climbs for so long that we felt it was only fair to try our own hand at it, and McKinley, rearing four miles up into the sky, seemed a most worthy opponent. It has conditions of ice and snow and weather which approach and sometimes may exceed those of the Himalayas. Its approaches are long and taxing; it needs a real expedition to tackle it. Norm was willing, so we made our plans for the summer of 1964, set about reading everything we could lay our hands on, and tried to get what actual experience we could on eastern mountains.

We didn't get much. We did some rock climbing

*(text continued on page 62)*

**SOUTH SIDE** of McKinley at 18,590 feet is breathtaking sight to Jon Gardi, then UCLA student in Sayre party.







**FORDING RIVER,** Jaq Lanner feels his way carefully against the surging current tugging at his legs. At this early and arduous stage of the journey the climbers are still mainly loaded with food and equipment, and the least slip means a tumble into icy water. Jon Gardi fell (below), was swept downstream and lost ice ax for good.





AT 16,000 FEET, CLIMBERS SLOG  
THROUGH SNOW ON HARPER GLACIER





mine field. But as time passed I relaxed a bit. And then, on the way back from the second relay that night, I let go and turned my safekeeping over to God, and from then on the crevasses no longer bothered me.

We were a week hauling our supplies to the head of the Muldrow. We tried to travel at night when the snow was tight-frozen. I was surprised to discover what a thin covering would hold me then and, conversely, what a thick covering would not hold me when the snow became mushy during the day. I knew that I should not have been surprised, but this is one of the troubles of depending on books. Many obviously important facts just don't sink in.

Whenever the weather let up we would push until we dropped. This meant 14, 16 and once even 22 hours at a stretch. We couldn't stop to cook because it was too cold sitting around outside and, anyway, it wasted too much fuel. So we went foodless and waterless. A little half-melted ice on our axes or boots became a prize.

The evening after the 22-hour marathon, we packed 10 days' supplies into a single 40-pound load and set out for the top via Karstens Ridge. This is a spectacular affair three-quarters of a mile high and one and a half miles long. It is a knife edge most of the way, dropping off to 3,000 feet on the Muldrow side and over 5,000 feet on the other. It is considered the toughest obstacle on the route. But for us, waist-deep powder made it comparatively safe, although exhausting when climbing at a 40° angle or more.

The ridge took us 18 hours. The last four were spent battling a windstorm which gradually got pretty grim. Seventy-five-miles-per-hour gusts pelted us with ice, crusting our goggles and freezing our faces until it hurt to speak. The whirlwinds slapped at us first from one side and then the other so that we could barely hang on. When at last the slope eased enough to make an emergency camp, we weren't sure we could raise a tent. So we all lay like stranded searines inside one collapsed tent until enough warmth had returned to try it. We succeeded, and there we stayed for two days while the snow piled up outside.

How does it feel to be on a big mountain without experience? Well, Karstens Ridge seemed like mountaineering at its best. The soul leaped to the sight and feel of it—to its vari-

ety, its beauty, and even its continuous exposure.

By contrast, our spirits were depressed by the monotony of the tundra and the glacier. Nothing diverted us from our discomforts. There is also a subtle, over-all depression which comes, I think, from getting so far from the "outside." A little voice says: It's a long way back and shouldn't we really be heading out tomorrow? Only for many tomorrows you know you will be heading in. And this can lead to a kind of weight carried inside, of which you are only partly aware. It is bound up, too, with an uneasy sense of dependence—dependence on dozens of small things, like a boot or a stove or a crampon—and dependence on big things like weather and health and, reasonable traveling conditions. Any big mountain makes you increasingly aware of the tremendous forces it could unleash at you. You walk on the back of a sleeping leviathan, but you know that only good fortune keeps him sleeping.

#### BURIED BY AN AVALANCHE

We moved onto the steep slopes above Harper Glacier in another snowstorm. After five hours and only 400 yards we decided to camp on the lower lip of a small crevasse protected on the upper side by an ice pinnacle. We turned in and slept, but at about 1:30 a.m. there was a sudden whoosh and the tent collapsed on us. A bank of snow from the pinnacle above had dropped down. The tent was ripped and a pole broken. Jac predicted doom if we did not move, but it was snowing and dark and cold, and, after all, where would we move? Jac's tentmates, for all their edge in experience, showed no more enthusiasm than we. We stayed where we were. We were sewing up the rips in the tent—Norm outside, I in my sleeping bag inside, pushing the needle back and forth to each other when, an hour later, the avalanche came.

To me it was a steady humming vibration, which lasted perhaps 15 seconds but which seemed much longer. The weight built up very fast. I pushed hard to hold the tent up above my head, but the weight of the snow pushed my arms steadily down. I remember thinking that it must stop in a very few seconds or all the air would be squeezed out. My head itself was being pushed down when, with thanksgiving, I heard it stop. There was a final fillip,

and then everything was very dark and very quiet.

I could move my arms and I had a little space around my face which let me breathe. The rest of me was held in a vice. I had a few panicky moments when the tent flap wouldn't come open. When it did, the snow bulged in, but I punched it back. Digging upward with my hand, I could see a bluish light while the tent ventilator showed a whiter blue above me, so I thought I was not too far down. I called to Norm, for he had been unprotected outside. He had made it all right, half hopping and swimming to the front of the fall. I could hear his footsteps above me, but apparently he could not hear me.

We were lucky—very lucky. There were five feet of snow on top of the tent, and it took a half hour to dig me free. The others had come off better since they were a bit to one side. The next few hours were spent moving a few yards down the slope and probing for lost equipment and sewing up the several feet of rips in our tent without gloves in the cold wind. When at last we crawled into our new bivouac, we all knew that the expedition was over unless we got a sunny day to dry us out. The avalanche had sifted snow into everything, which later melted or leached.

The next day was sunny. We dried out and moved up against a strong headwind to 16,000 feet. The weather looked so good we decided to try for the summit in one push. It felt fine to be without packs but the altitude was troublesome. The morning's headache hung on and I had to take one to four breaths each step. Finally, at about 19,000, I felt that I had passed my limit, and Norm and I turned back. We returned to camp and four hours later the others straggled in. They had made it but were so tired they couldn't eat until the next afternoon. Jon's returning words were: "Well, you couldn't ever pay me enough to do that again!"

Meanwhile, Norm and I were resigned to our "good try." But as we got rested, we were gradually able to think of another effort, if the weather held. And it did hold.

That night at Denali Pass the wind dropped and we grew excited, feeling that we might have a chance after all. The summit above us turned to deep gold against the obsidian-blue backdrop of a high-altitude sky. And the following day was calm and clear.

continued

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McKINLEY no longer

We made our try, and it was a sign of how worn we were that it took us 10 hours to climb the 2,120 feet to the top that day. But at last we stood there. We were too tired to feel any great thrill. But there was gratitude for such a wonderful day and for being there at all. We photographed frantically in all directions. After 15 minutes we started down.

The expedition's descent took four days. Tempers wore thin. We noticed that we were all barking at each other quite regularly. Still, I don't think we realized how long-term weary we were. At home, I found I had lost 15 pounds. Food seemed rather tasteless and I seemed to notice far fewer sights and sounds. I felt as if I were underwater. I noticed that I rarely whistled or sang. Most of the symptoms left in a fortnight. But the dead spots on my fingers and toes and the glacier burns on my lips lasted over a month.

### LUCK WAS WITH US

Was our luck of experience a real handicap? On this particular trip, thanks to great good fortune, I do not think it was. But if various emergencies had risen, needing a sure technique of ice ax or rope handling, the story might have been a different one.

Certainly, there is a lot of fétish in mountain climbing, as there is in any specialty, and a lot of sacred cows which could well be shot and eaten. But, if the nonexpert is planning to beard the expert in his den he should be always aware that the odds are against him. On Mount McKinley they are even more against him now than when I was there. The Park Rangers, for example, are more stringent in passing climbing parties. And Muldrow Glacier, which we found so smooth, is now twisted into a jumble of ice etched with deep crevasses, and it is a major alpine feat just to cross it.

Thus I proved my point—but I discovered two things that for four years since I have been drumming into various hopefuls who have heard about my climb and want to try something like it. First, there is no comforting substitute for experience. Second, luck is the indispensable factor in success by the inexperienced. The most important piece of equipment I had with me on Mount McKinley, along with my book learning, was a genuine, guaranteed, pretested and foolproof rabbit's foot.

END

# THE FIVE BILLIONTH COPY OF LIFE



First Cover: Fort Peck Dam, Nov. 23, 1936

## A message from the Editor-in-Chief on a milestone in Publishing

*This week's cover: Camyovella Simles*

One moment, a few days ago, the giant presses stopped and there skittered into the hands of a veteran pressman the Five Billionth Copy of LIFE.

5,000,000,000 copies!

What does that mean—to us, to you, to the American public?

The question calls for Imagination and for Memory.

Imagine 5,000,000,000 copies! But only the mathematician, the poet of the modern world, can really imagine such a figure. Earthbound, we think of Johnny Appleseed, the beloved little fellow who in the early years of this country walked thousands of miles through the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois planting the orchards which now in this summer of 1958 are coming heavy with fruit. How many seeds did Johnny Appleseed plant?

But what matters more than the *how many* is the *what*. Johnny Appleseed planted good seed and it grew and it gave growth to man and to nation. Can we of LIFE say the same? We hope so. And we invoke Memory to audit our work.

There are the great stories—the great stories of adventure and discovery from every quarter of the globe, from the North Pole and the South, and from all around the equator and from every one of the nations which make up mankind.

There are the beautiful pages, the masterpieces of artists and of nature.

There are the pages which have touched the heart of compassion.

There are the pages of new knowledge fashioning a New America and a New World. And there are pages of sheer fun. Go on, we say to Memory: we like this story, this joy of life.

But Memory has something else to say. It has to say that the joy of life is given birth and rebirth only at a great price. This age, like every age, is an age of war and conflict—only now the wars and the conflicts are more massive and more dreadful. LIFE has been, from the beginning, in the midst of the wars

and the conflicts. From World War II to the Hungarian Revolt, LIFE was there because it was its professional duty to be there. And for another reason: because LIFE knew what side it was on.

When LIFE took its name, 5,000,000,000 copies ago, it also took up a cause. That cause is to give to our name its fullest, truest meaning.

LIFE, in American terms, is dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Those words have about the same general meaning for us as they have for others, but also for us, as editors of LIFE, they have, week after week, some special meanings. Meanings like this:

LIFE is dedicated to LIFE because our job is to observe all that we can of life and to give a vivid account of it. LIFE on the newsfronts of the world. LIFE also in the ripening orchard, on the sidewalks of New York, in the factory and in the busy economy of the home.

Dedication to LIBERTY is, for us, the definition of our editorial policy. LIFE takes its stand. On every issue of the day, using our best fallible judgment, LIFE takes the side that makes for the enlargement and for the deepening of human freedom. LIFE strives to oppose all that is opposed to LIBERTY.

And the pursuit of happiness? We have never snared and photographed The Blue Bird of Happiness. LIFE has no nostrums to offer you, no capsule pills for peace of mind or soul. But if wise men have rightly given us some clues to Happiness, then we have some specific contributions to make. To be aware of the world you live in, to see it and meet it as reality rather than illusion, this is a condition of sanity and of happiness—and to this LIFE makes a contribution. To be aware of the world you live in and of the universe it lives in—LIFE keeps that dimension in mind. Finally, to appreciate and to enjoy the best and the most beautiful which men of all ages have thought and made—for this purpose LIFE seeks to be your intelligent and faithful servant.

HENRY R. LUCE



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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE The readers take over



STAN MUSIAL (1), 1958 ALL-STAR HERO, CROSSES PLATE FOR ROUSING WELCOME BY...

### CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

Sirs:

I accept your invitation to identify the National Leagueers in the 1958 All-Star Game (Wonderful World, July 7). They are: Willie Mays (5), Fred Haney (6), Duke Snider (7), Ted Klusmeyer (8), Leo Durocher (9), Don Newcombe (10), Gil Hodges (11), Robin Roberts (12), Ernie Banks (13), Randy Jackson (14), Gene Baker (15), Red Schoendienst (16).

JAMES FORSYTH JR.

Upper Darby, Pa.

• A hearty Pat on the Back to Mr. Forsyth for correctly identifying the All-Stars to the right of home plate above; also to Messrs. Tom Brier, Seranton, Pa.; Elliot Nehmad, Vent-

nor, N.J.; Bob Cardinal, San Francisco; John Fox, Dubuque, Iowa; and George Briggs, Eau Claire, Wis., who also replied correctly to the challenge. Alert readers readily spotted the Phillies' Robin Roberts in a Milwaukee warmup jacket, but missed Leo Durocher. The clue: white button on his cap, a significant feature of the Giants' headgear. But highest honors must go to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's own Chicago advertising salesmen who pooled their knowledge to come up with the only correct identification of the triumvirate to the left: Umpire Bill Summers (3), Bat Boy Paul Wick (2) and Ball Boy Dave Williams (4).—ED.

### HOT DOGS!

Sirs:

A 21-Roman candle salute for your holiday recipe, Frankfurters Flambe (SI, July 7). My family loved it—and I enjoyed cooking it. Now please allow me to give to you my own special frankfurter treat.

Roll three frankfurters and put through a food chopper. Then cut up one large onion and put through the chopper (this should make amount equal to the hot dog mix). Moisten the mixture by adding mayonnaise and mustard and/or a small amount of horse-radish. A dash of Worcestershire sauce is good, too, as are several chopped black olives. Spread on Melba toast rounds. Makes a delicious hors d'oeuvre.

JEAN MARTIN

San Francisco

Sirs:

A special hip-hip-hooray to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for carrying the evolution of the popular dog one step further! The

scrumptious picture, those scrumptious recipes!

Now my family cheers me for the sizzling Frankfurters Flambe I delivered for the holidays.

SALLY SALLAWAY

West Boylston, Mass.

Sirs:

I am willing to put up with your fashions and your recipes, but when I see a full-page color picture of a hot dog and then discover that your next week's cover story is "Educating Your Dog at Home," I'm ready to call it quits.

F. WAINWRIGHT BARNES

Huntington, N.Y.

### HAPPY HAMS

Sirs:

Oh! Leonard's *The Bottle of the House* (SI, June 30) is an oasis in a desert of misinformation published in nonham magazines. Hams will doff their headphones to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Leonard for combining on the most readable piece

# HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



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on the hobby seen anywhere outside of publications devoted to it.

Any ham who has ever battered his way through a DX contest can thank Leonard for making it all seem plausible, exciting and even reasonable—something few amateurs can ever achieve with their neighbors, friends and wives in describing the miserable ecstasy of a DX contest.

More than that, Leonard's piece is probably the first faithful account written for the uninitiated that can be read by hams everywhere without wincing. Too often in the past, hams have been victimized by well-meaning writers who simply didn't understand what they wrote about.

D. F. MURRAY  
W4RNP

Romoke, Va.

Sirs:

FB OM on *The Battle of the Horns*. Enjoyed it tremendously! 73.

NORM GIGNAC  
WV2AFK

New York City

• TKS OB ES CUL SK.—ED.

## COLLEGE CHAMPS

Sirs:

In SCOREBOARD (June 84) you made note that MIT won the national intercollegiate dinghy title. Could you possibly give a complete rundown on all the schools competing?

I wish you had given this event half as big a writeup as you are giving the coming America's Cup races. These dinghy races represent a bigger cross section of America than does the rich man's race.

MICHAEL TIGHEBURY  
Birmingham, Mich.

Sirs:

The University of Southern California has made a sort of "grand slam" of major collegiate sports this year by winning the National Collegiate Championships in track, baseball and tennis and coming in third in golf. This surely must be unprecedented in the history of collegiate athletics.

PLATO YANKES  
Modesto, Calif.

• Both MIT and USC finished the year at the head of their classes. USC's triple win is unprecedented, marking the first time in the NCAA's 75-year history that one institution has taken three of the 15 team titles in one year. USC now leads in total NCAA team championships, 26 to Yale's 25. MIT's June victory in the national collegiate dinghy races at Newport Harbor, Calif. was its 10th win in 22 years; Skipper Dennis Posey, '59, White Plains, N.Y., and Bill Widmull, '59, Saddle River, N.J., accrued 239 points. The rundown: Michigan 211, Navy 203, Notre Dame 179, Brown 167, Stanford, 157, Occidental 156 and the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy 108.—ED.



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## Pat on the Back

Arthur F. Woods



HARVARD BALLPLAYERS '16)

### 'We had plenty'

As player, coach and manager, Fred F. Mitchell spent almost 40 years in major league baseball. But some of his fondest recollections go back to 1916, when he coached the varsity team at Harvard. It's understandable: the school has not seen its equal since. For that Crimson team of 1916 marched up and down the Atlantic seaboard leaving wreckage in its wake. It trounced Princeton, Dartmouth, Penn and Virginia. It beat Yale twice. It shut out the Boston Red Sox 1-0—and the Red Sox won the World Series. All told, Harvard won 22 games, tied one and lost three. "We had plenty," said Coach Mitchell. "We had hitters, speed and pitching."

But to the members of the squad the most valuable asset was Fred F. Mitchell. The other day, on the occasion of his 50th birthday, all living players (19 of an original squad of 21) reassembled in Cambridge to do him honor. They gave him a television set, a silver cigarette case and a round of warm handshakes. Then they gathered behind their coach and had their

picture taken. This was the lineup: Front row: Coach Mitchell and Captain Henry L. Nash, 1b, of Greenwood, R.I. Second row: Harold Wiswall, 2b, Wellesley, Mass. real estate broker; Wilnot Whitney, cf, Weston, Mass. businessman; and Cyril Wyche, rf, Dallas real estate broker. Third row: Clarence S. Reed, ss, Taunton, Mass. golf course operator; Frank P. Coolidge, cf, Little Compton, R.I.; James Knowles, lf, retired St. Louis executive; and Henry S. Bothfield, ss, Wellesley Hills, Mass. manufacturer. Fourth row: Dick Harte, c, Brookline, Mass. manufacturer; Carl Harrison, p, Cincinnati; Frank Frapp, of, New York executive; George A. Percy, of, New York stockbroker; and Jarvis T. Best, 3b, retired Exeter, N.H. teacher. Fifth row: George A. Parsons, mgr., Marlboro, Mass.; Edward W. Mahan, p (better known as a star halfback), Needham Heights, Mass.; Walter Garritt, p, Newton, Mass.; Parker Ellis, of, Newton, Mass. broker; Merrill P. Delano, p, Boston clothier; and Lawrence Higgins, mgr., Mexico City automobile distributor.



AMERICAN GREENHORN ROBERT KERR takes a crack at Ireland's ancient sport and gets a taste

prize; it's not the free-for-all it looks. Once played with no holds barred, hurling now has strict rules.

## IRISH HURLING... the original hurly-burly

"As Irish as the shillelagh and just as murderous-looking, Ireland's age-old sport of hurling is still played with Gaelic ferocity," writes Robert Kerr, an American friend of Canadian Club. "In County Limerick last month, some players invited me to 'have a go.' With 15 men on a side, the action was pure chaos. 'It's really all very scientific,' one man said. But a knock on the head persuaded me that hurling wasn't in my line. At a hotel in Ennis

afterward, I found something that was. One of the hurlers treated me to Canadian Club." *Why this whisky's worldwide popularity?* Only Canadian Club captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. You can stay with it all evening... in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 37 lands.

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Another adventure in one of the 37 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"



FINE POINTS of game are explained: trick is to balance ball on blade of stick, or hurley. Kerr tried it, found it takes practice.



GROUNDNOD by "flight accident." Kerr is assured by players that serious mishaps hardly ever happen. But bruises are commonplace.



REUNION: at hotel in Ennis, Kerr meets an old friend when his Gaelic host demonstrates Irish hospitality with Canadian Club.



# New improved Marlboro filter



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